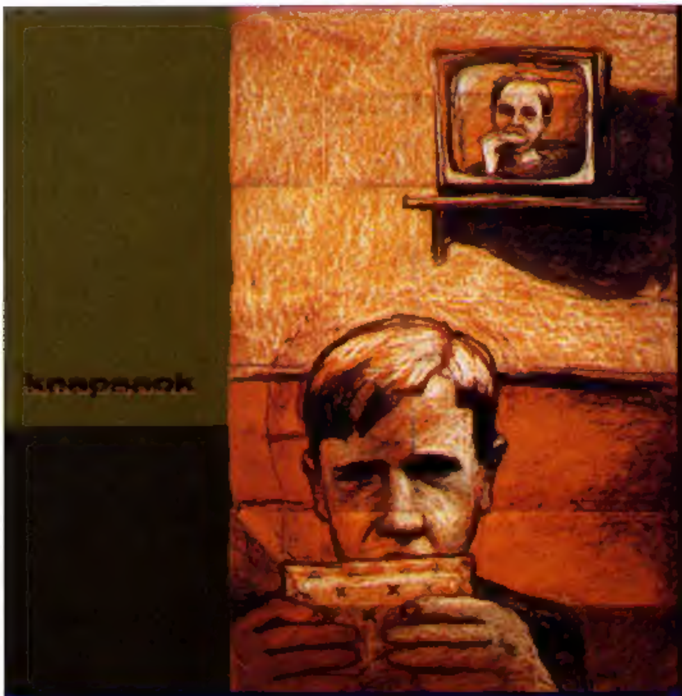
IT'S YOUR ONE-STOP SHOPPING FOR NON-STOP HILARITY!
#27
PETER BAGGE'S
HATE!
FOR MATURE READERS
$3.95 in Canada
$2.95
STINKY'S MARIJUANA DELIVERY LIST:
ARIEL BORDEAUX
"CHOP SUEY"
R. CRUMB
"DOOFUS"
AARON LEE
"THE SMARTASS"
PLUS MUCH, MUCH MORE!
P. BAGGE © '97
FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS
05
0 74470 88867 3



knapsack
Day Three of My New Life

Their sophomore release retains its atypical riffs, swirling energy, and love of dynamics while exploring darker territory. A whole new recipe for pop chaos.

"a hearty dose of ringing riffs, powerful playing and soaring melodies...ought to set just about anyone's toes a-tapping. If not, you may want to re-think your interest in rock and roll." MAGNET

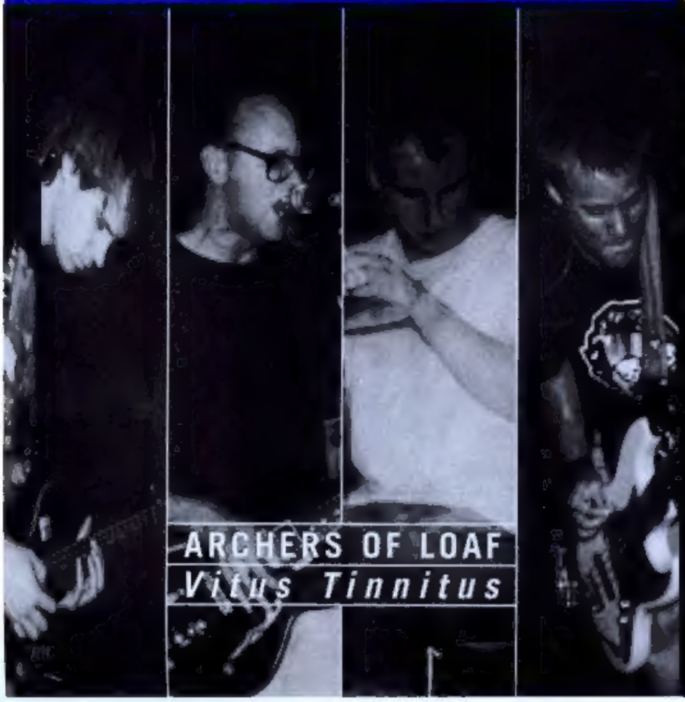
"This album is a masterpiece." JUICE

A095 CD/Limited Edition 2x 10"/CS

Chug
Metalon

Chug's closest sonic kin are the 3d's which is not surprising since 3d's guitarist Dave Mitchell is a member of this New Zealand quartet. Bittersweet melodies and spooky male/female vocals interplay with a heaving, unrelenting rhythm section, setting the tempo for a band who has been called New Wave — in all the good ways.

A117 CD/LP

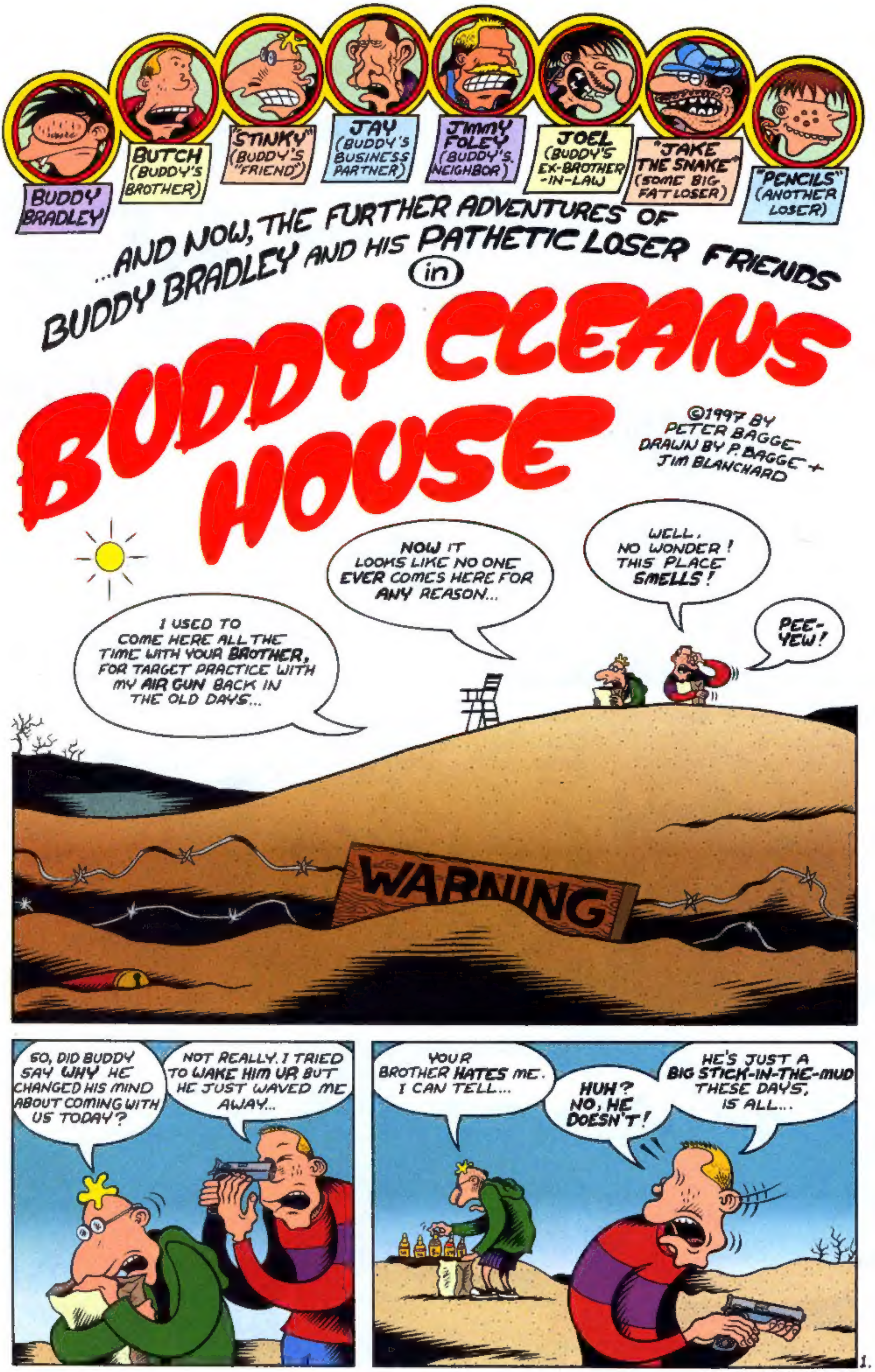


Archers of Loaf
Vitus Tinnitus

Live recordings of all your favorites as well as two new remixes.

A115 10"

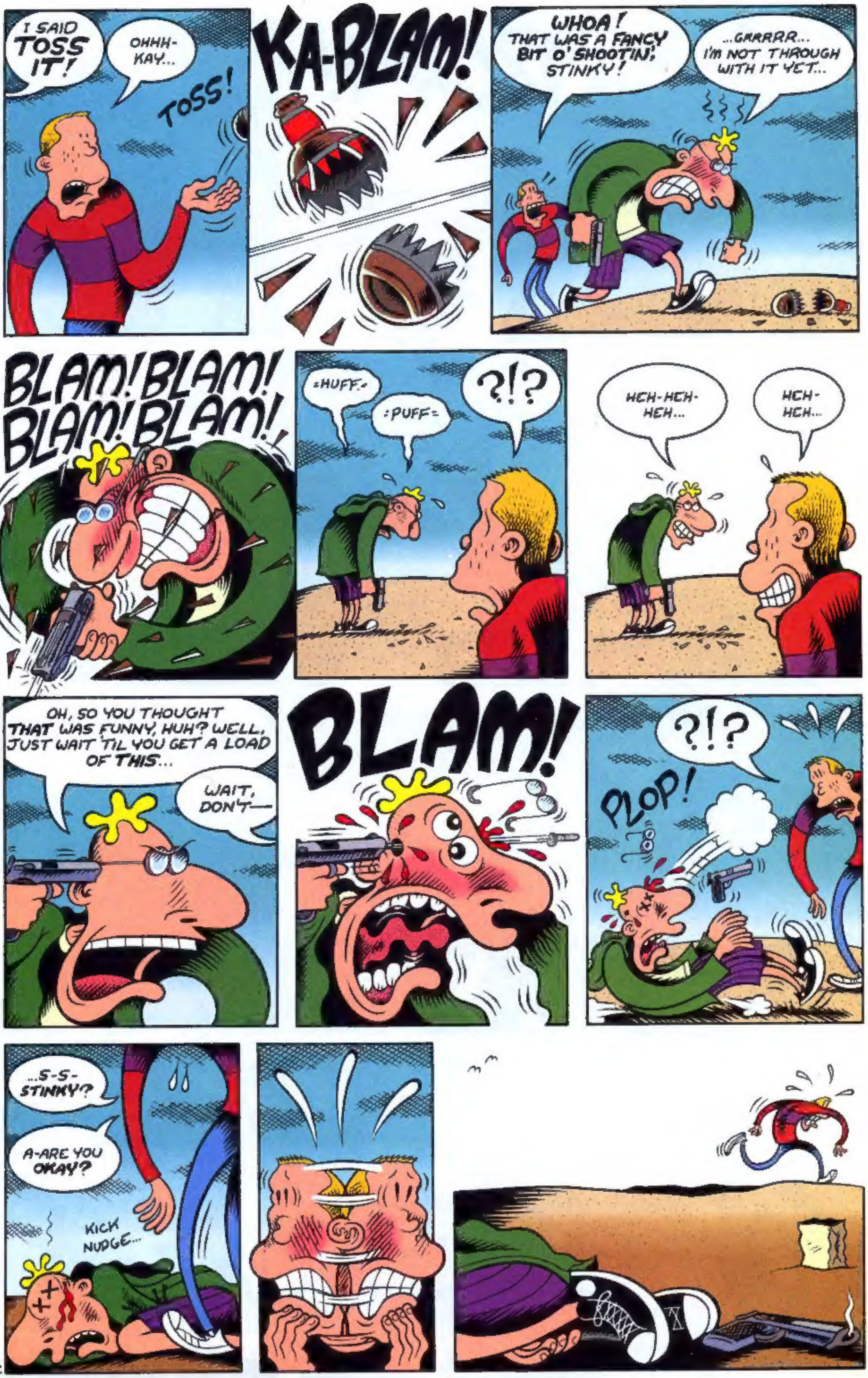
CD $12 LP $8 CS $7 7" $3
(all postpaid) visa/mastercard/info/catalogue/mailing list call:
1 - 8 0 0 - O N - A L I A S
check/moneyorder/catalogue/mailing list write to:
Alias Records, 2815 W. Olive Ave., Burbank, CA 91505
http://www.aliasrecords.com

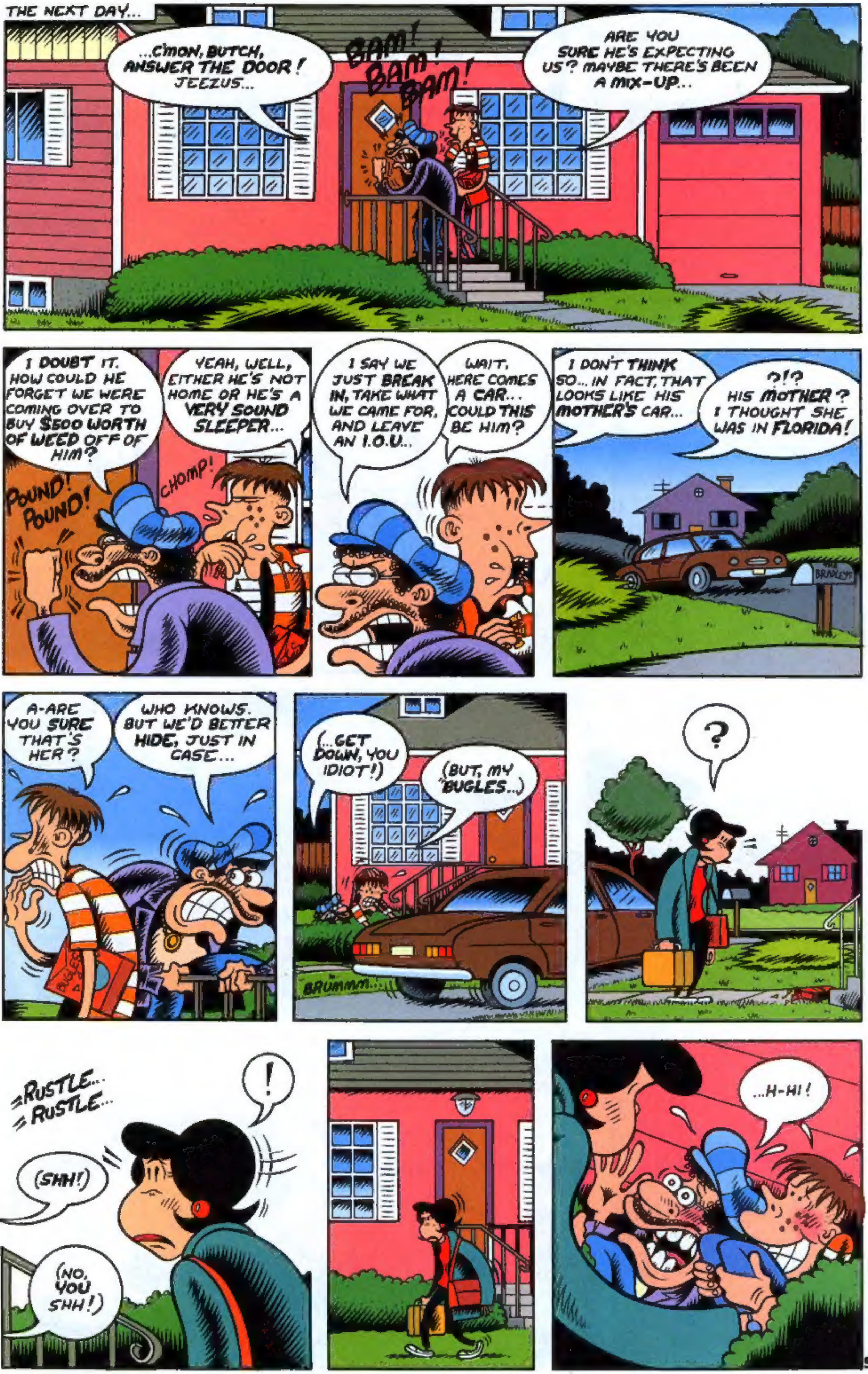


Printed in Canada

NAH. YOUR BROTHER HATES ME, AND I DON'T BLAME HIM...
AFTER ALL, WHAT'S TO LIKE, RIGHT?
GIMME THAT GUN...
I, UH...
BESIDES, HE'S GOT A NICE LITTLE BUSINESS GOIN' FOR HIMSELF, AND HE DOESN'T WANT TO BLOW IT...
AAH, HIM AND HIS FUCKIN' BUSINESS! I—
BLAM!
EEE-YES!
NICE SHOT!
...MY POINT IS, HE'S GOT NOTHING TO GAIN AND EVERYTHING TO LOSE BY MIXING WITH THE LIKES OF ME...
I MEAN, WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT...
UHHH...
KA-BLAM!
WHOOO-WEEE! THAT VALIUM IS REALLY KICKIN' IN NOW! CAN YOU FEEL IT?
"VALIUM"? I THOUGHT YOU SAID WE WERE ON QUAALUDES!
VALIUM, QUAALUDES. WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?
ALL I KNOW IS THAT I'M FEELIN' LOOSE, AND I LIKE TO FEEL LOOSE WHEN I'M SHOOTIN'!
BLAM!
...HERE BUTCH, YOU HAVE A GO AT IT...
OH BOY!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
HEY BUTCH, MIND IF I ASK YOU A QUESTION?
SHOOT...
ARE YOU, LIKE, SOME KIND OF SKINHEAD OR NAZI OF SOME KIND?
WHAT? WHO TOLD YOU THAT?!

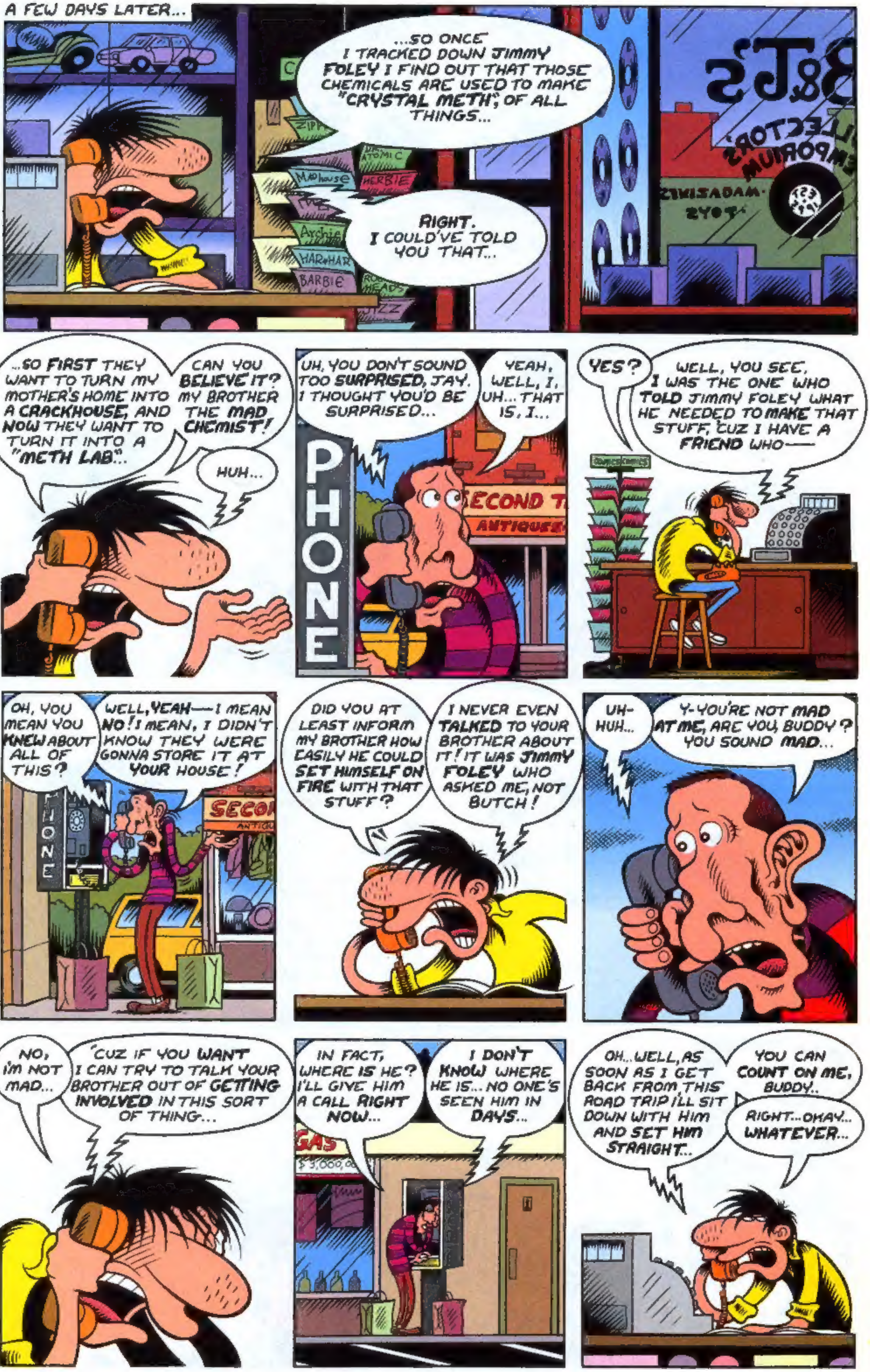
NO ONE! I WAS JUST WONDERING IS ALL...
WELL, FUCK THAT! I AIN'T NO NAZI! ...SHEESH...
BLAM!
— OH, HEY, WANNA HEAR A FUNNY JOKE?
SURE...
IF THE FLINTSTONES WERE BLACK, WHAT WOULD THEY BE CALLED?
I DUNNO. WHAT?
NIGGERS.
HUH?
OH, I GET IT! BLAW! HAW! HAW! HAW!
YOU LAUGHED AT MY JOKE. THAT PROVES YOU'RE A NAZI.
WHAT? OH, FUCK YOU—
BLAM!
OKAY, MY TURN NOW. YOU GO SET UP MORE BOTTLES...
OKEY-DOKE.
?!? WHOA, WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?
—HUH? WHAT—
THAT!
"YA SURE, YOU BETCHA"
BALLARD BITTER
OH, IT'S JUST SOME FANCY CRAP THAT BUDDY LIKES TO DRINK...
I'M A MILLER-IN-THE-CAN MAN, MYSELF...
"BALLARD BITTER"— HE STILL DRINKS THIS SLOP?
WHAT DOES HE DO, HAVE IT FLOWN IN ON HIS PRIVATE JET?
BEATS ME. I—
THAT STUFF REMINDS ME OF SEATTLE, AND I HATE SEATTLE!
THROW IT AWAY! GET IT OUT OF MY SIGHT!
BUT—


I SAID TOSS IT!
OHHH-KAY...
TOSS!
KA-BLAM!
WHOA! THAT WAS A FANCY BIT O' SHOOTIN', STINKY!
...GRRRRR... I'M NOT THROUGH WITH IT YET...
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
:HUFF:
:PUFF:
?!?
HEH-HEH-HEH...
HEH-HEH...
OH, SO YOU THOUGHT THAT WAS FUNNY, HUH? WELL, JUST WAIT 'TIL YOU GET A LOAD OF THIS...
WAIT, DON'T—
BLAM!
?!?
PLOP!
...S-S-STINKY?
A-ARE YOU OKAY?
KICK NUDGE...


THE NEXT DAY...
...C'MON, BUTCH, ANSWER THE DOOR! JEEZUS...
BAM! BAM! BAM!
ARE YOU SURE HE'S EXPECTING US? MAYBE THERE'S BEEN A MIX-UP...
I DOUBT IT. HOW COULD HE FORGET WE WERE COMING OVER TO BUY $500 WORTH OF WEED OFF OF HIM?
POUND! POUND!
YEAH, WELL, EITHER HE'S NOT HOME OR HE'S A VERY SOUND SLEEPER...
CHOMP!
I SAY WE JUST BREAK IN, TAKE WHAT WE CAME FOR, AND LEAVE AN I.O.U...
WAIT. HERE COMES A CAR... COULD THIS BE HIM?
I DON'T THINK SO... IN FACT, THAT LOOKS LIKE HIS MOTHER'S CAR...
?!? HIS MOTHER? I THOUGHT SHE WAS IN FLORIDA!
BRADLEY
A-ARE YOU SURE THAT'S HER?
WHO KNOWS. BUT WE'D BETTER HIDE, JUST IN CASE...
BUGLES
(...GET DOWN, YOU IDIOT!)
(BUT, MY BUGLES...)
BRUMMM...
?
RUSTLE... RUSTLE...
!
(SHH!)
(NO, YOU SHH!)
...H-HI!
5.

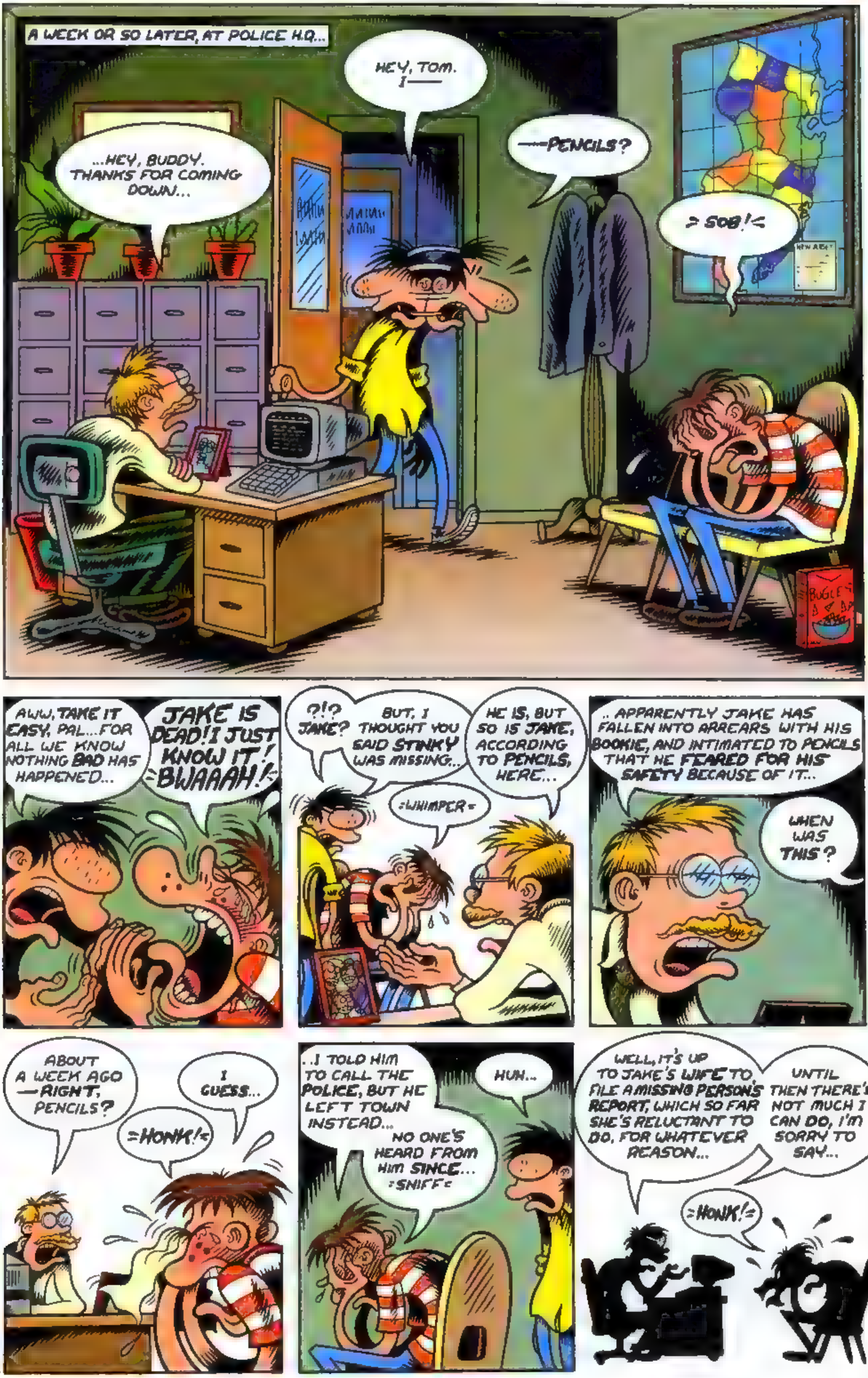
LATER...
—OKAY, I'M HERE. NOW WHAT'S THE EMERGENCY?
LOOK WHAT I FOUND WAITING FOR ME WHEN I GOT HOME FROM MY VACATION...
HI, BUDDY! HEH-HEH...
HEH...
?!? OH, HIYA, JAKE... PENCILS...
ASK THEM WHY THEY WERE HIDING IN THE BUSHES OUT FRONT.
UH...OKAY... WHY WERE YOU HIDING IN THE BUSHES?
WELL, WE WERE LOOKING FOR BUTCH, AND, UH—
THEY WERE LOOKING FOR BUTCH.
IN THE BUSHES?
AND WHERE IS THAT BROTHER OF YOURS, ANYWAY?
HOW SHOULD I KNOW? HE'S NOT HERE, OBVIOUSLY...
AND HE AIN'T BEHIND THE BUSHES, 'CUZ WE ALREADY CHECKED—RIGHT, PENCILS?
RIGHT! TEE-HEE!
GLOWER
WELL, IF ANY OF YOU HAPPEN TO RUN INTO HIM IN YOUR TRAVELS, TELL HIM TO GIVE ME A CALL... I HAVE A NUMBER OF QUESTIONS TO ASK OF HIM...
OH? LIKE WHAT?
LIKE WHAT THESE WERE DOING ON THE KITCHEN TABLE, FOR EXAMPLE...
?!? WHAT TH—
YOU WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT THESE HIGHLY FLAMMABLE CHEMICALS ARE USED FOR, WOULD YOU, BUDDY?
ER...NO, I, UH...
WELL, WE CAN SEE THAT THIS IS A PRIVATE FAMILY MATTER, SO WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY...
S'LONG, BUDDY...MRS. BRADLEY...T'WAS NICE CHATTIN' WIT' YA'S...
:SICKER!:
ETHER
ETHER

SLAM!
WELL?
—WELL WHAT?!? I ALREADY TOLD YOU I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT STUFF IS DOING HERE!
PLOP!
ETHER
ETHER
..."ETHER", HUH? MAYBE BUTCH WAS PLANNING ON SETTING THE HOUSE ON FIRE OR SOMETHING...
GUESS YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO ASK HIM YOURSELF ONCE HE GETS HOME...
OH, BELIEVE ME, I WILL...
ETHER
...AND UNLESS HE HAS A DAMN GOOD EXPLANATION FOR ALL OF THIS YOU'RE BOTH GONNA BE LOOKING FOR A NEW PLACE TO LIVE...
BUT, WHY ME? WHA'D I DO?
?!?
IT'S WHAT YOU HAVEN'T DONE THAT'S THE PROBLEM!
LOOK, BUDDY, I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT'S BEING GOING ON AROUND HERE WHILE I WAS GONE...
PLOP!
ALL I DO KNOW IS THAT I LEFT YOU IN CHARGE, ONLY TO COME BACK AND FIND THE PLACE LOOKING LIKE A PIG STY, LOWLIFES HIDING IN THE BUSHES, AND TOXIC CHEMICALS SITTING ON THE KITCHEN TABLE...
BUT THAT'S JUST IT, MA! BUTCH IS THE ONE WHO—
DON'T GIVE ME BUTCH! YOU'RE ALMOST THIRTY YEARS OLD, BUDDY! I SHOULDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT LEAVING YOU HOME ALONE ANYMORE!
BUT IT'S BECOME OBVIOUS THAT I JUST CAN'T TRUST YOU OR YOUR BROTHER TO ACT LIKE RESPONSIBLE FULL-GROWN ADULTS!
...GRUMBLE...
...=SIGH=...
...DON'T WORRY, I'M NOT GOING TO KICK YOU OUT OF THE HOUSE...
GEE, THANKS.
BUT IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA FOR YOU TO START LOOKING FOR A PLACE OF YOUR OWN, ANYWAY...
BECAUSE AFTER TODAY I'M MORE SERIOUS THAN EVER ABOUT MOVING TO FLORIDA AND SELLING THIS DUMP...
=GULP=



A FEW DAYS LATER...
...SO ONCE I TRACKED DOWN JIMMY FOLEY I FIND OUT THAT THOSE CHEMICALS ARE USED TO MAKE "CRYSTAL METH", OF ALL THINGS...
RIGHT. I COULD'VE TOLD YOU THAT...
...SO FIRST THEY WANT TO TURN MY MOTHER'S HOME INTO A CRACKHOUSE, AND NOW THEY WANT TO TURN IT INTO A "METH LAB"...
CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? MY BROTHER THE MAD CHEMIST!
HUH...
UH, YOU DON'T SOUND TOO SURPRISED, JAY. I THOUGHT YOU'D BE SURPRISED...
YEAH, WELL, I, UH... THAT IS, I...
PHONE
YES?
WELL, YOU SEE, I WAS THE ONE WHO TOLD JIMMY FOLEY WHAT HE NEEDED TO MAKE THAT STUFF, 'CUZ I HAVE A FRIEND WHO—
OH, YOU MEAN YOU KNEW ABOUT ALL OF THIS?
WELL, YEAH— I MEAN NO! I MEAN, I DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE GONNA STORE IT AT YOUR HOUSE!
DID YOU AT LEAST INFORM MY BROTHER HOW EASILY HE COULD SET HIMSELF ON FIRE WITH THAT STUFF?
I NEVER EVEN TALKED TO YOUR BROTHER ABOUT IT! IT WAS JIMMY FOLEY WHO ASKED ME, NOT BUTCH!
UH-HUH...
Y-YOU'RE NOT MAD AT ME, ARE YOU, BUDDY? YOU SOUND MAD...
NO, I'M NOT MAD...
'CUZ IF YOU WANT I CAN TRY TO TALK YOUR BROTHER OUT OF GETTING INVOLVED IN THIS SORT OF THING...
IN FACT, WHERE IS HE? I'LL GIVE HIM A CALL RIGHT NOW...
I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS... NO ONE'S SEEN HIM IN DAYS...
OH... WELL, AS SOON AS I GET BACK FROM THIS ROAD TRIP I'LL SIT DOWN WITH HIM AND SET HIM STRAIGHT...
YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, BUDDY..
RIGHT... OKAY... WHATEVER...

ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE NOT MAD, BUDDY? 'CUZ YOU SURE SOUND MAD...
I'M NOT MAD!
...I'LL SEE YOU IN A FEW DAYS, OKAY?
MAKE IT MORE LIKE A FEW WEEKS. I'VE BEEN SCORIN' LIKE MAD OUT HERE IN THE BOONIES.. TONS OF BOARDGAMES!
I'M TELLIN' YA, THESE HICKS DON'T HAVE A CLUE WHAT SOME OF THIS STUFF IS WORTH!
GOOD, GLAD TO HEAR IT...
PHONE
YEAH, SO, I'LL TALK TO YOU LATER, OKAY?
RIGHT. LATER...
...BYE.
CLICK
9.



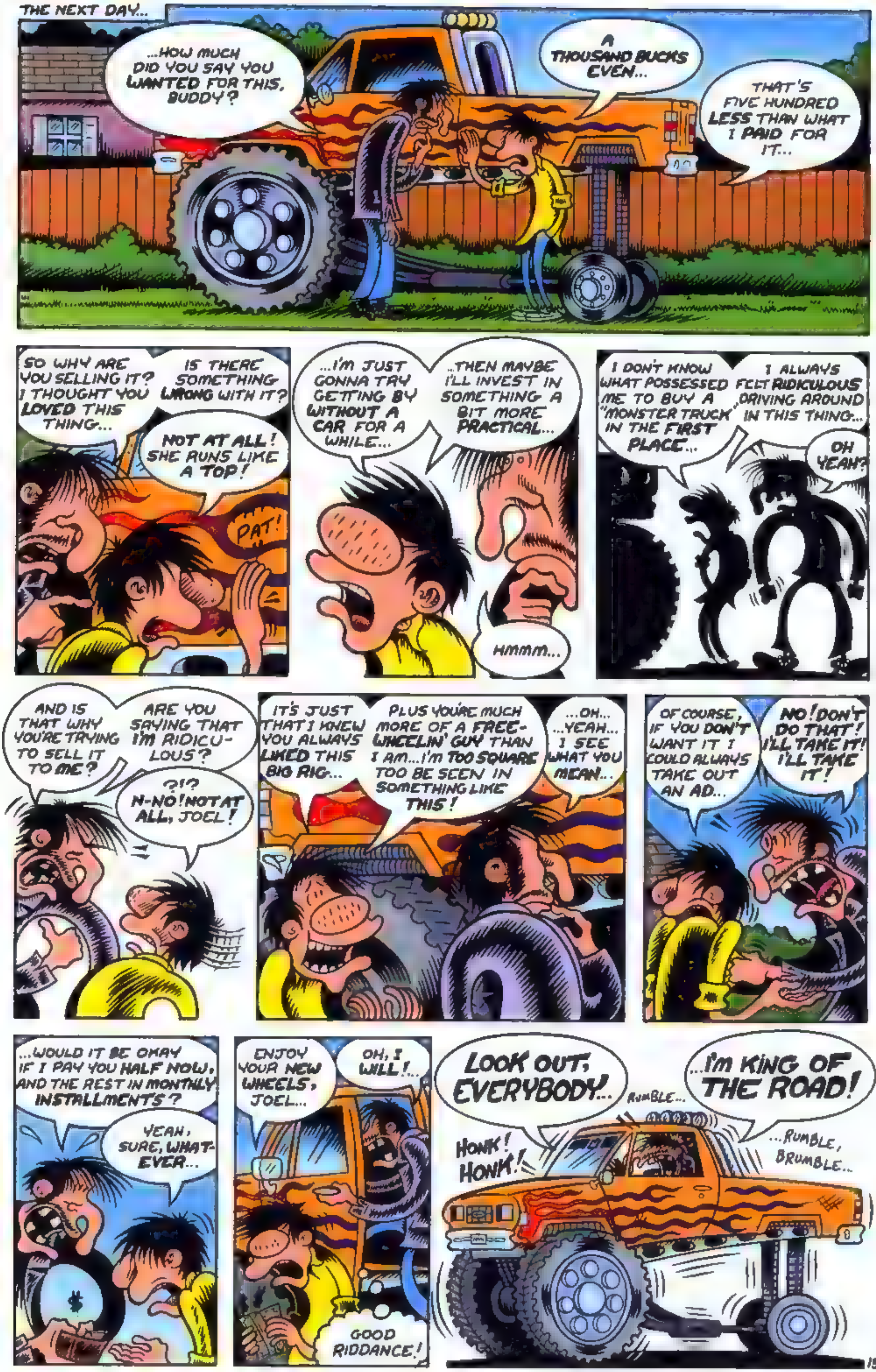
A WEEK OR SO LATER, AT POLICE H.Q...
...HEY, BUDDY. THANKS FOR COMING DOWN...
HEY, TOM. I——
——PENCILS?
>SOB!<
AWW, TAKE IT EASY, PAL...FOR ALL WE KNOW NOTHING BAD HAS HAPPENED...
JAKE IS DEAD! I JUST KNOW IT! >BWAAAH!<
?!? JAKE?
BUT, I THOUGHT YOU SAID STINKY WAS MISSING...
HE IS, BUT SO IS JAKE, ACCORDING TO PENCILS, HERE...
=WHIMPER=
..APPARENTLY JAKE HAS FALLEN INTO ARREARS WITH HIS BOOKIE, AND INTIMATED TO PENCILS THAT HE FEARED FOR HIS SAFETY BECAUSE OF IT...
WHEN WAS THIS?
ABOUT A WEEK AGO —RIGHT, PENCILS?
I GUESS...
>HONK!<
..I TOLD HIM TO CALL THE POLICE, BUT HE LEFT TOWN INSTEAD...
HUH...
NO ONE'S HEARD FROM HIM SINCE... =SNIFF=
WELL, IT'S UP TO JAKE'S WIFE TO FILE A MISSING PERSON'S REPORT, WHICH SO FAR SHE'S RELUCTANT TO DO, FOR WHATEVER REASON...
UNTIL THEN THERE'S NOT MUCH I CAN DO, I'M SORRY TO SAY...
>HONK!<

SO, UH... WHAT DOES ALL OF THIS HAVE TO DO WITH STINKY?
NOTHING, AS FAR AS I KNOW, BUT THAT'S WHY I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU GUYS...
..OH GHOD...
...PENCILS, WOULD YOU MIND IF I TALKED TO BUDDY ALONE FOR A WHILE?
>SNIFF!< ...OKAY...
THANKS FOR YOUR TIME, AND TRY NOT TO JUMP TO ANY CONCLUSIONS IN THE MEANTIME, OKAY?
DON'T FORGET YOUR BUGLES..
.THANKS.. >SNIFF!<
BUGLES
SO, DID SOMEONE ACTUALLY REPORT STINKY AS A "MISSING PERSON"?
YES, HIS SISTER DID...
.ALTHOUGH SHE SOUNDED MORE ANNOYED THAN WORRIED...
SHE SAYS HE OWES HER MONEY, AND THAT HE'S DISAPPEARED ON HER BEFORE...
UH-HUH...
WELL Y'KNOW, I'D LOVE TO BE OF SOME HELP, BUT I'M TOTALLY CLUELESS AS TO HIS WHEREABOUTS...
TO BE HONEST, HE'S SOMEONE I TRY VERY HARD TO AVOID...
SURE, I UNDERSTAND...
HOW ABOUT YOUR BROTHER? WOULD HE KNOW ANYTHING? I'VE BEEN TRYING TO REACH HIM ALL DAY...
WHO, BUTCH? I DOUBT IT... IN FACT, I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN OVER A WEEK EITHER...
HMMM.. SO BUTCH, JAKE AND STINKY ALL DISAPPEARED AT THE SAME TIME. JUST A COINCIDENCE, I SUPPOSE?
HOW SHOULD I KNOW? AND LEAVE BUTCH OUT OF THIS! HE DOESN'T KNOW SHIT!
...THE PERSON YOU SHOULD BE TALKING TO IS JIMMY FOLEY. HE'S THE ONE WHO ALWAYS SEEMS TO—
I ALREADY DID. HE CLAIMS TO KNOW NOTHING AS WELL...
AND SPEAKING OF WHOM...
...DID YOU KNOW THAT STINKY WAS DELIVERING JIMMY FOLEY'S MAIL ROUTE FOR HIM? THAT'S ILLEGAL, Y'KNOW...
WHAH? ER, N-NO, I DIDN'T KNOW...
SO IS FOLEY IN TROUBLE BECAUSE OF THIS?
FOLEY'S IN JAIL— ONLY FOR POSSESSION.
WHAT? BUT, HOW—
HEH...HE INADVERTENTLY LIT UP A JOINT WHILE DELIVERING HIS OWN MAIL ROUTE.
I GUESS HE WAS SO USED TO NOT WORKING THAT HE FORGOT HE WASN'T HOME IN FRONT OF THE T.V...
I-YI-YI...
WHAT A DOPE...

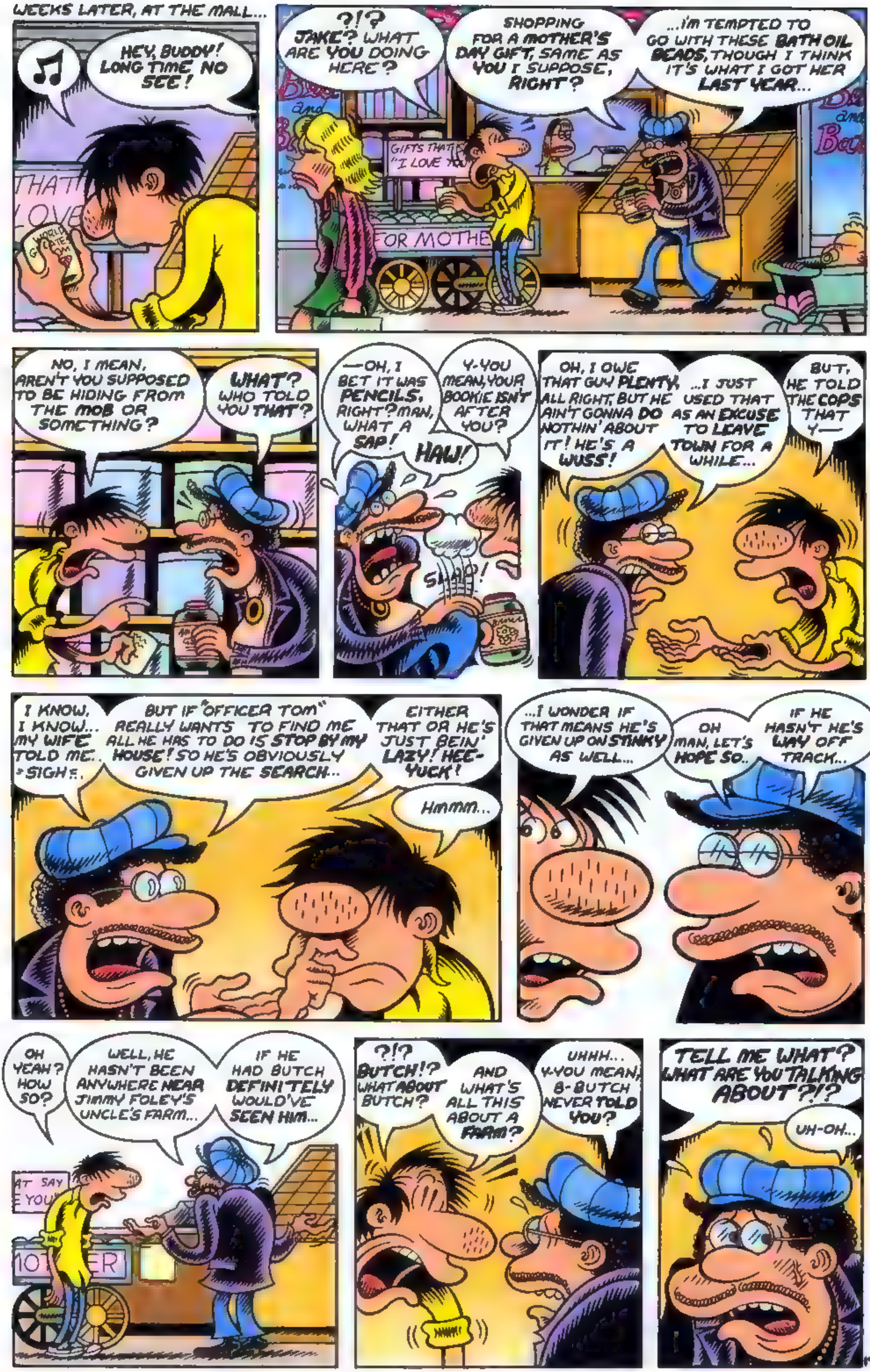
SO, HE MUST BE IN DEEP SHIT, RIGHT?
I MEAN, WITH HIS PRIOR RECORD AND ALL...
AAH, WHO KNOWS... THAT'S FOR THE COURTS TO DECIDE...
...(THOUGH PERSONALLY I HOPE THEY THROW THE BOOK AT HIM...
...I REALLY HATE THAT JIMMY FOLEY)..
YOU AND ME BOTH, PAL...
—SAY, HOW ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS PARTNER, JAY? THINK HE KNOWS ANYTHING?
JAY'S OUT OF TOWN..
HIM TOO?
WHAT, IS THERE A TYPHOON HEADIN' THIS WAY THAT I DON'T KNOW ABOUT?
HE'S OUT OF TOWN ON BUSINESS!
RIGHT... "BUSINESS" ...I'M SURE HE IS...
—LOOK, TOM, IF I HEAR ANYTHING AT ALL ABOUT STINKY I SWEAR I'LL LET YOU KNOW!
IT'S OKAY, BUDDY...I BELIEVE YOU...
I'M JUST HAVING ONE OF MY "WHY-DO-I-BOTHER" DAYS...
THANKS FOR YOUR TIME...
D-DON'T MENTION IT...
SEE YA..
LATER, OUTSIDE...
?!?
PENCILS? WHAT ARE YOU STILL DOING HERE?
PACE
PACE
—HAS TOM HEARD FROM JAKE YET?
YOU MEAN IN THE LAST TEN MINUTES? I'M AFRAID NOT...
SIGH..
C'MON, PALSIE.. I'LL WALK YOU TO YOUR CAR...
PAT PAT!
.. SAY, YOU STILL WORK AT THAT LIGHTBULB FACTORY, DON'T YOU?
UH-HUH, GOIN' ON EIGHT YEARS NOW ...AT $15 AN HOUR, WHY SHOULD I QUIT, Y'KNOW?
UH-HUH...
...SO, LIKE, WHY HAVEN'T YOU SETTLED DOWN AND GOTTEN MARRIED BY NOW?
WHY DO YOU STILL RUN AROUND WITH GUYS LIKE "JAKE THE SNAKE"? HMM?
HUH. WELL, JEEZ, I DUNNO...
I MEAN, WHY DON'T YOU ASK YOURSELF THE SAME QUESTION?

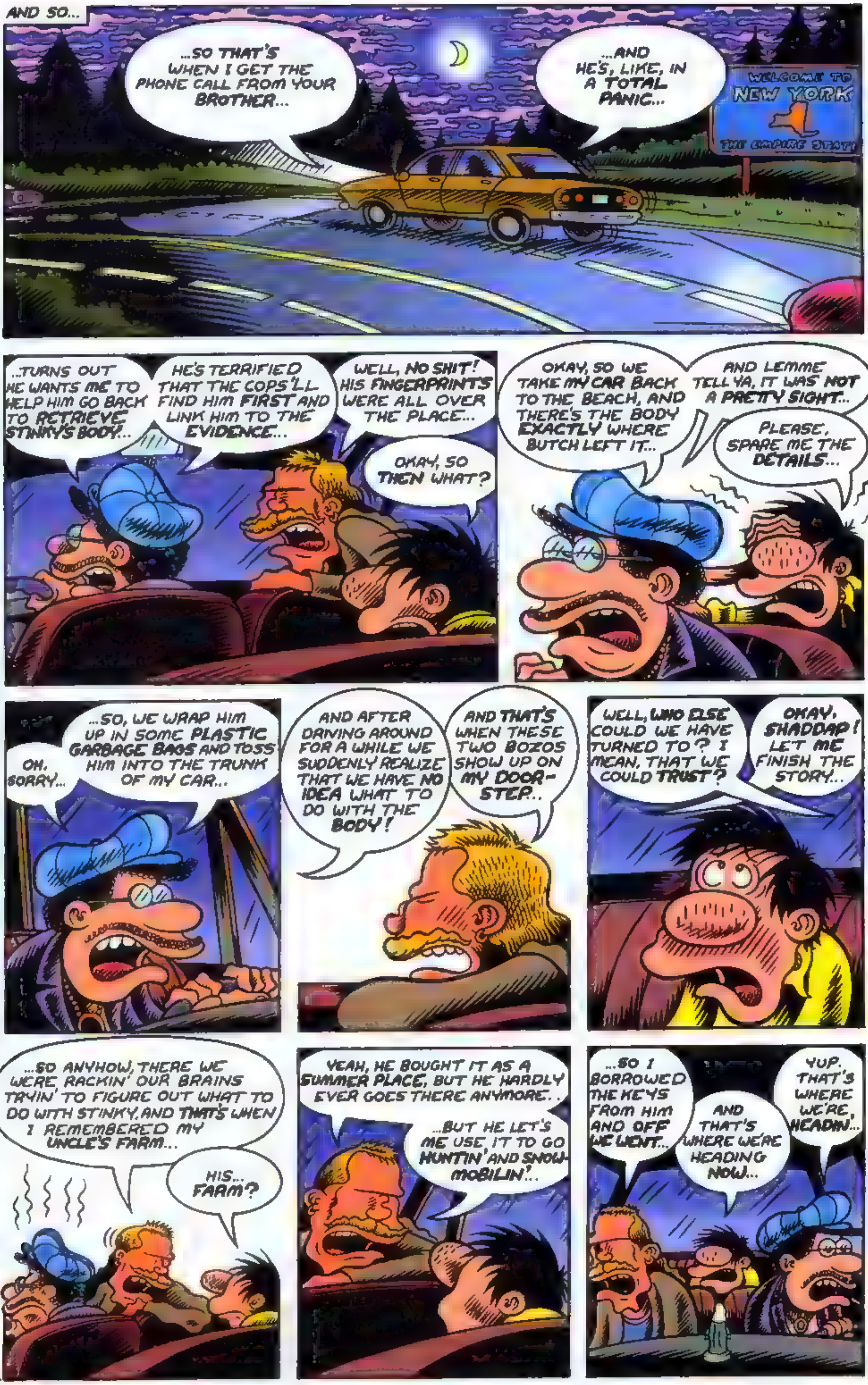
AND SOON..
WHADAYA MEAN, YOU'RE "BUYING ME OUT"?!
YOU HEARD ME CORRECTLY...
B&J's COLLECTOR'S EMPORIUM
RECORDS · BOOKS · MAGAZINES · TOYS
SORRY WE'RE CLOSED
STARBUCKS
NEW
I DON'T WANT TO BE IN BUSINESS WITH SOMEONE I DON'T TRUST, SO I'M DISSOLVING THE PARTNERSHIP...
HOW IS IT THAT YOU DON'T TRUST ME? WHAT DID I EVER DO TO YOU?
YOU WITHHELD INFORMATION FROM ME!
I'M SICK OF ALWAYS BEING THE LAST ONE TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON...
SO WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO, BETRAY OTHER PEOPLE'S CONFIDENCES JUST FOR YOUR SAKE?
YES! ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY INVOLVE MY OWN HOME AND FAMILY!
W-WELL, YEAH, B-BUT IT'S NOT THAT CUT AND DRIED...
I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT! I'VE KNOWN YOU WAY TOO LONG TO FALL FOR ANYMORE OF YOUR JUNKIE LOGIC...
BESIDES, I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON IN YOUR CONNIVING LITTLE MIND...
OH YEAH? AND WHAT'S THAT, PRAY TELL?!
YOU WERE HOPING THAT MY BROTHER AND JIMMY FOLEY WOULD TURN MY MOTHER'S HOME INTO A DRUG DEN, SO'S IF THAT IF THEY DID START TO MAKE MONEY YOU COULD GET IN ON IT...
?!?
THAT'S WHY YOU'VE BEEN AIDING AND ABETTING THEM ALL ALONG, PARTLY BY KEEPING ME IN THE DARK!
WELL?!? AM I RIGHT OR WHAT?!?
N-NO COMMENT...

HURRUMPH... I THOUGHT AS MUCH...
OKAY, SO LET ME ASK YOU SOMETHING...
HOW IS IT THAT YOU DECIDED ON YOUR OWN TO DISSOLVE OUR PARTNERSHIP?
I MEAN DOESN'T IT TAKE TWO TO ARRIVE AT THAT DECISION?
HEY, YOU CAN BUY ME OUT, IF YOU THINK YOU CAN RUN THIS BUSINESS ON YOUR OWN...
I COULDN'T AFFORD TO BUY YOU OUT, SINCE I'D OWE YOU AT LEAST $10,000, TO COVER OUR CURRENT ASSESTS...
$11,057.00, IS WHAT I WORKED IT OUT TO...
. BUT FEEL FREE TO COME UP WITH YOUR OWN ESTIMATE, IF YOU WANT TO RE-DO THE INVENTORY...
HMM... I SEE...
SO, IF YOU'RE PROPOSING TO BUY ME OUT, WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO COME UP WITH THE $11,000?
I CAN PAY YOU HALF NOW, AND THE REST IN MONTHLY INSTALLMENTS IF THAT'S OKAY WITH YOU...
WHAT?! Y-YOU MEAN, YOU HAVE $5,500?! BUT, HOW—
BY SAVING MY MONEY! BY LIVING AT MY MOTHER'S, AND NEVER SPENDING A FUCKING DIME ON MYSELF! THAT'S HOW!
HA! SO YOUR FRIENDS WERE RIGHT! YOU DID HAVE "BURIED TREASURE" STASHED AWAY SOMEWHERE!
...AND OF COURSE THIS MEANS YOU'LL HAVE TO VACATE THE BACK-ROOM, SO'S I CAN MOVE IN...
...I'LL GIVE YOU 2 MONTHS TO FIND A NEW PLACE TO LIVE, IF NEED BE...
...SO THAT'S IT, HUH? WE'RE THROUGH, JUST LIKE THAT...
OH, WE CAN STILL DO BUSINESS TOGETHER, OF COURSE...
...ONLY NOT AS PARTNERS...
...I DON'T WANT TO BE ACCOUNTABLE FOR YOUR ACTIONS...
SIGH BOY OH BOY...
...YOU'VE SURE TURNED INTO A COLD FISH, HAVEN'T YOU, BUDDY?
YEAH, WELL, WHAT CHOICE DO I HAVE...
COLLECTOR MORABILIA
BAT MAN MANIA

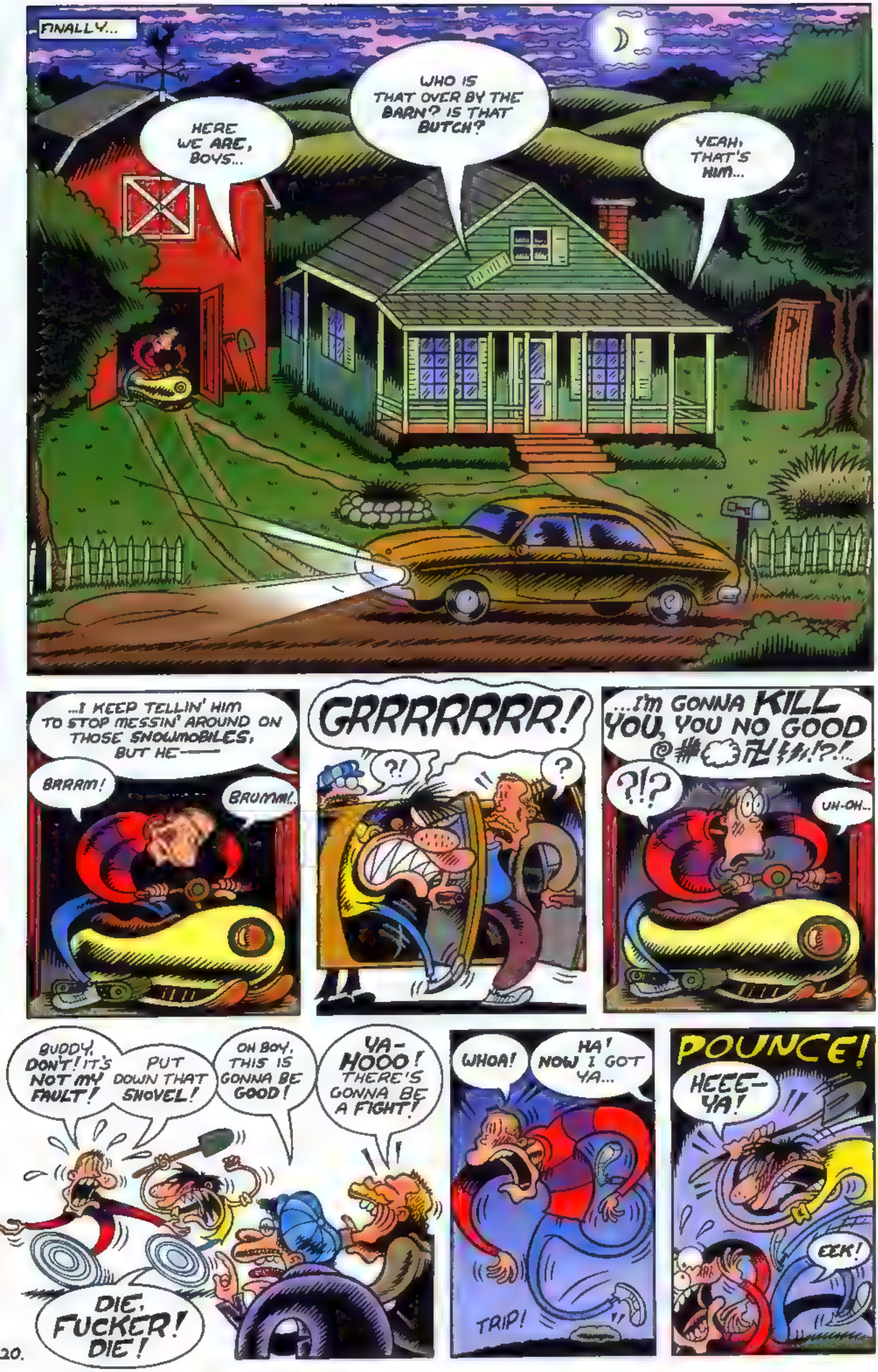

THE NEXT DAY...
...HOW MUCH DID YOU SAY YOU WANTED FOR THIS, BUDDY?
A THOUSAND BUCKS EVEN...
THAT'S FIVE HUNDRED LESS THAN WHAT I PAID FOR IT...
SO WHY ARE YOU SELLING IT? I THOUGHT YOU LOVED THIS THING...
IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH IT?
NOT AT ALL! SHE RUNS LIKE A TOP!
PAT!
...I'M JUST GONNA TRY GETTING BY WITHOUT A CAR FOR A WHILE...
...THEN MAYBE I'LL INVEST IN SOMETHING A BIT MORE PRACTICAL...
HMMM...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT POSSESSED ME TO BUY A "MONSTER TRUCK" IN THE FIRST PLACE...
I ALWAYS FELT RIDICULOUS DRIVING AROUND IN THIS THING...
OH YEAH?
AND IS THAT WHY YOU'RE TRYING TO SELL IT TO ME?
ARE YOU SAYING THAT I'M RIDICU-LOUS?
?!? N-NO! NOT AT ALL, JOEL!
IT'S JUST THAT I KNEW YOU ALWAYS LIKED THIS BIG RIG...
PLUS YOU'RE MUCH MORE OF A FREE-WHEELIN' GUY THAN I AM... I'M TOO SQUARE TOO BE SEEN IN SOMETHING LIKE THIS!
...OH... ...YEAH... I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN...
OF COURSE, IF YOU DON'T WANT IT I COULD ALWAYS TAKE OUT AN AD...
NO! DON'T DO THAT! I'LL TAKE IT! I'LL TAKE IT!
...WOULD IT BE OKAY IF I PAY YOU HALF NOW, AND THE REST IN MONTHLY INSTALLMENTS?
YEAH, SURE, WHAT-EVER...
ENJOY YOUR NEW WHEELS, JOEL...
OH, I WILL!...
GOOD RIDDANCE!
LOOK OUT, EVERYBODY...
RUMBLE...
...I'M KING OF THE ROAD!
HONK! HONK!
...RUMBLE, BRUMBLE...

THAT EVENING...
...ARE YOU SURE YOU'LL BE ALRIGHT LIVING IN THAT CRAMPED LITTLE ROOM BEHIND THE STORE?
...IT'S SO DARK AND DINGY IN THERE...
I'LL BE FINE, MOM...
CLICK! CLICK!
...WHAT DO YOU CARE, ANYWAY? YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S SELLING THIS HOUSE RIGHT OUT FROM UNDER ME, JUST SO YOU COULD GO TRAIPSING OFF TO FLORIDA WITH YOUR NEW STUD...
OH, FINE! MAKE ME FEEL GUILTY, WHY DON'TCHA...
AAAH, I WAS JUST FUNNIN' WIT'YA, IS ALL...
SAY, HAVE YOU HEARD FROM BUTCH YET?
NO, AND I WISH TO GOD HE'D CALL...
CLICK!
...I CAN JUST IMAGINE HIM COMING HOME AFTER I'VE MOVED, AND WALKING IN ON A FAMILY OF TOTAL STRANGERS...
HAW! THAT'D BE RICH, WOULDN'T IT?
I HATE THE WAY HE DOES THIS, TAKING OFF FOR WEEKS ON END, LEAVING ME CLUELESS AS TO HIS WHEREABOUTS...
=PFFT!= WHY WORRY? ONCE YOU'RE GONE HE'LL JUST BECOME MY BURDEN...
I'M SURE I'LL COME HOME ONE DAY TO AN EMPTY FRIDGE, WITH BUTCH DRUNK AND SPRAWLED ACROSS MY BED...
OH, I WOULDN'T BE TOO HARD ON HIM, BUDDY. AFTER ALL, ONCE I MOVE HE AND YOUR SISTER WILL BE ALL YOU HAVE LEFT...
HUH? WHADAYA MEAN?
WELL, THINK ABOUT IT! FIRST YOU SPLIT UP WITH YOUR GIRLFRIEND, AND THEN YOUR BUSINESS PARTNER...
ONCE YOU MOVE INTO THE STORE BY YOURSELF, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'LL BE LONELY?
HUH! I DUNNO... THAT'S A GOOD QUESTION...
...BUT I GUESS I'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH, HUH?


WEEKS LATER, AT THE MALL...
♫
HEY, BUDDY! LONG TIME NO SEE!
?!? JAKE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
SHOPPING FOR A MOTHER'S DAY GIFT, SAME AS YOU I SUPPOSE, RIGHT?
...I'M TEMPTED TO GO WITH THESE BATH OIL BEADS, THOUGH I THINK IT'S WHAT I GOT HER LAST YEAR...
GIFTS THAT SAY "I LOVE YOU"
FOR MOTHER
NO, I MEAN, AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE HIDING FROM THE MOB OR SOMETHING?
WHAT? WHO TOLD YOU THAT?
—OH, I BET IT WAS PENCILS, RIGHT? MAN, WHAT A SAP!
HAW!
Y-YOU MEAN, YOUR BOOKIE ISN'T AFTER YOU?
SHHP!
OH, I OWE THAT GUY PLENTY, ALL RIGHT, BUT HE AIN'T GONNA DO NOTHIN' ABOUT IT! HE'S A WUSS!
...I JUST USED THAT AS AN EXCUSE TO LEAVE TOWN FOR A WHILE...
BUT, HE TOLD THE COPS THAT Y—
I KNOW, I KNOW... MY WIFE TOLD ME... *SIGH*...
BUT IF "OFFICER TOM" REALLY WANTS TO FIND ME ALL HE HAS TO DO IS STOP BY MY HOUSE! SO HE'S OBVIOUSLY GIVEN UP THE SEARCH...
EITHER THAT OR HE'S JUST BEIN' LAZY! HEE-YUCK!
Hmmm...
...I WONDER IF THAT MEANS HE'S GIVEN UP ON STINKY AS WELL...
OH MAN, LET'S HOPE SO...
IF HE HASN'T HE'S WAY OFF TRACK...
OH YEAH? HOW SO?
WELL, HE HASN'T BEEN ANYWHERE NEAR JIMMY FOLEY'S UNCLE'S FARM...
IF HE HAD BUTCH DEFINITELY WOULD'VE SEEN HIM...
?!? BUTCH!? WHAT ABOUT BUTCH?
AND WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT A FARM?
UHHH... Y-YOU MEAN, B-BUTCH NEVER TOLD YOU?
TELL ME WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!?
UH-OH...


AND SO...
...SO THAT'S WHEN I GET THE PHONE CALL FROM YOUR BROTHER...
...AND HE'S, LIKE, IN A TOTAL PANIC...
WELCOME TO NEW YORK THE EMPIRE STATE
...TURNS OUT HE WANTS ME TO HELP HIM GO BACK TO RETRIEVE STINKY'S BODY...
HE'S TERRIFIED THAT THE COPS'LL FIND HIM FIRST AND LINK HIM TO THE EVIDENCE...
WELL, NO SHIT! HIS FINGERPRINTS WERE ALL OVER THE PLACE...
OKAY, SO THEN WHAT?
OKAY, SO WE TAKE MY CAR BACK TO THE BEACH, AND THERE'S THE BODY EXACTLY WHERE BUTCH LEFT IT...
AND LEMME TELL YA, IT WAS NOT A PRETTY SIGHT...
PLEASE, SPARE ME THE DETAILS...
OH. SORRY...
...SO, WE WRAP HIM UP IN SOME PLASTIC GARBAGE BAGS AND TOSS HIM INTO THE TRUNK OF MY CAR...
AND AFTER DRIVING AROUND FOR A WHILE WE SUDDENLY REALIZE THAT WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT TO DO WITH THE BODY!
AND THAT'S WHEN THESE TWO BOZOS SHOW UP ON MY DOOR-STEP...
WELL, WHO ELSE COULD WE HAVE TURNED TO? I MEAN, THAT WE COULD TRUST?
OKAY, SHADDAP! LET ME FINISH THE STORY...
...SO ANYHOW, THERE WE WERE, RACKIN' OUR BRAINS TRYIN' TO FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO WITH STINKY, AND THAT'S WHEN I REMEMBERED MY UNCLE'S FARM...
HIS... FARM?
YEAH, HE BOUGHT IT AS A SUMMER PLACE, BUT HE HARDLY EVER GOES THERE ANYMORE...
...BUT HE LET'S ME USE IT TO GO HUNTIN' AND SNOW-MOBILIN'...
...SO I BORROWED THE KEYS FROM HIM AND OFF WE WENT...
AND THAT'S WHERE WE'RE HEADING NOW...
YUP, THAT'S WHERE WE'RE HEADIN'...

...WE FOUND THIS NICE SECLUDED SPOT UP IN THE WOODS, AND THAT'S WHERE WE BURIED HIM...
AND THIS ALL HAPPENED ABOUT A MONTH AGO...
RIGHT.
...AND YET BUTCH HAS BEEN UP THERE ALL THIS TIME. WHY IS THAT?
...WELL?
UHHH...W-WELL, THAT'S A GOOD QUESTION, BUDDY, AND WE REALLY CAN'T SAY FOR SURE...
...BUT HE'S APPARENTLY AFRAID TO LEAVE STINKY'S BODY BEHIND...
WHAT?!
I KNOW, IT'S NUTS! BUT HE'S CONVINCED THAT IF HE LEAVES THE PLACE SOMEONE MIGHT STUMBLE ON TO THE GRAVESITE, AND THEN HE'LL BE CHARGED WITH MURDER...
MEANWHILE, WE'RE TAKIN' ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION BY HAVING HIM GUARD OUR DRUG SUPPLIES AS WELL...
...EVER SINCE YOUR MOM CAME BACK FROM FLORIDA WE'VE BEEN IN NEED OF A NEW "BASE OF OPERATIONS," AND—
OH YEAH, AND THAT REMINDS ME...
...WHY DO YOU FUCKERS KEEP DOIN' SHIT BEHIND MY BACK?! AND WHY AM I ONLY FINDING OUT ABOUT STINKY NOW?!?
W-WELL, GEE, BUDDY, I TOLD YOUR BROTHER TO CALL YOU AND—
AND I TOLD HIM NOT TO.
?!? YOU DID?!
BUT, WHY?
'CUZ I WAS AFRAID YOU'D WIG-OUT AND CALL THE COPS..
YOU'RE RIGHT, I PROBABLY WOULD HAVE!
AND THAT REMINDS ME OF SOMETHING ELSE, FOLEY— AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE IN JAIL RIGHT NOW?!
OH YEAH... HEH-HEH...
...TELL 'IM WHAT HAPPENED, JIMMY... HEH-HEH...
WELL, MY LAWYER BROUGHT IN MY N.A.* COUNSELLOR TO TESTIFY AT MY ARRAIGNMENT HEARING...
...WHERE HE PROCLAIMS THAT INCARCERATION WOULD BE A SERIOUS DETRIMENT TO MY "RECOVERY."
AND THE JUDGE BOUGHT IT! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?!
HAW!
...SO IT LOOKS LIKE I'M FACING A FINE AND "COMMUITY SERVICE," BUT MAN, TALK ABOUT DODGING A BULLET!
OH GOD, SOMEONE TELL ME I'M DREAMIN'...
NO SHIT, MAN!.
*NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS...


FINALLY...
HERE WE ARE, BOYS...
WHO IS THAT OVER BY THE BARN? IS THAT BUTCH?
YEAH, THAT'S HIM...
...I KEEP TELLIN' HIM TO STOP MESSIN' AROUND ON THOSE SNOWMOBILES, BUT HE——
BRRRM!
BRUMM!
GRRRRRRRR!
?!
?
...I'M GONNA KILL YOU, YOU NO GOOD
?!?
UH-OH...
BUDDY! DON'T! IT'S NOT MY FAULT!
PUT DOWN THAT SHOVEL!
OH BOY, THIS IS GONNA BE GOOD!
YA-HOOO! THERE'S GONNA BE A FIGHT!
DIE, FUCKER! DIE!
WHOA!
HA! NOW I GOT YA...
TRIP!
POUNCE!
HEEE-YA!
EEK!

B-BE COOL, MAN! WHA'D I DO TO YOU? I DIDN'T DO NUTHIN'!
YEAH, NOTHIN' 'CEPT DRAG MY FRIEND'S CORPSE ALL OVER CREATION, YOU STOOPID—
C'MON, BUTCH, GET UP! YOU C'N TAKE 'IM!
NO KIDDING! YOU CALL THIS A FIGHT?
JEEZUS, BUTCH, YOU'RE BIGGER THAN HIM, AINTCHA?
C'MON, LET'S SEE SOME ACTION!
BIFF!
BANG!
POW!
?!?
UH-OH...
I'M GONNA KILL YOU TOO, YOU SON-OF-A-BITCH!
N-NOW BUDDY, CALM DOWN! Y-YOU'RE TAKING THIS WAY TOO PERSONALLY...
I HATE YOUR GUTS, AND I ALWAYS DID, YOU STUPID JOCK!
IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU NONE OF THIS WOULD'VE HAPPENED, YOU KNOW THAT?
F-FINE, WHATEVER YOU SAY, JUST PUT DOWN THAT SHOVEL, AND LET'S TALK THIS OVER LIKE TWO REASONABLE ADULTS...
SWING!
—OOF!
GRAB!
GULP!
POW!
PLOP!
...HEY BUTCH, IS THERE STILL ANY BEER LEFT IN THE FRIDGE?

LATER THAT NIGHT...
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT LEONARD BROWN'S BODY IS LYING SIX FEET UNDER THIS PILE OF DIRT...
...POOR 'OL STINKY...
YUP. HE WAS A GOOD GUY ALL RIGHT... =SNIFF!=
YEAH, WELL, NO COMMENT..
SO WHEN ARE YOU PLANNING ON COMING CLEAN WITH ALL THIS?
HUH? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
OH, C'MON, BUTCH! YOU CAN'T JUST LEAVE HIM HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE! IT'S DISRESPECTFUL! I MEAN, WHAT ABOUT HIS FAMILY?
FUCK HIS FAMILY! THEY DON'T GIVE A SHIT WHERE HE IS!
OH NO? AND HOW DO YOU KNOW?
BECAUSE I ASKED THEM, THAT'S HOW!
YOU... HUH?
ME 'N' JAKE CALLED THEM AND ASKED FOR STINKY—YOU KNOW, PLAYED DUMB—JUST TO SEE IF THEY WERE FREAKING OUT OR ANYTHING...
HIS SISTER FIGURED HE JUST SPLIT AGAIN, AND THIS TIME SHE HOPED IT WAS FOR GOOD...
WHAT ABOUT HIS MOM?
SHE SOUNDED PRETTY PISSED...
HIS MOM WAS THE ONE WHO ANSWERED THE PHONE, BUT SHE DIDN'T MAKE MUCH SENSE...
OH... *SIGH*..
SHE SOUNDED KINDA DRUNK...
WELL, EVEN STILL, I THINK YOU SHOULD CALL TOM.. I'M SURE HE'LL BELIEVE YOUR STORY...
NO!
BUT TOM'S A FRIEND! HE WON'T—
NO! IT'S TOO LATE! STINKY STAYS HERE!
AND DON'T YOU DARE TELL ANYONE ABOUT THIS, EVER! UNDERSTAND?!
LEAP!

=SIGH=
OKAY. HAVE IT YOUR WAY...
=WHIMPER=
=SOB=
IN FACT, MAYBE IT'S FOR THE BEST THAT WE LEAVE THINGS AS THEY ARE...
ONLY PROMISE ME ONE THING...
=SNIFF= WHAT'S THAT?
...THAT IF YOU GUYS GET INTO ANY TROUBLE OVER THIS YOU WON'T COME RUNNING TO ME FOR HELP! I DON'T EVEN WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU AND JIMMY FOLEY ARE UP TO FROM NOW ON... I WASH MY HAND OF THIS WHOLE AFFAIR...
OKAY, FINE! WHO NEEDS YOU, ANYWAY?! I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!
THAT'S RIGHT, YOU SAW STINKY PULL THE TRIGGER, DIDN'T YOU? MAN, THAT MUST'VE BEEN GRIM...
=SNIFF!= YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH.. NO IDEA AT ALL... =SOB=
...SO, UH, TELL ME, BUTCH, DO YOU THINK HE MEANT TO DO IT? OR WAS IT AN ACCIDENT?
...OH... ...I DUNNO... I WISH I DID... I THINK ABOUT THAT ALL THE TIME...
BUT, YOU WERE THERE! HOW COULD YOU NOT KNOW?
I KNOW, BUT THE THING IS, HE WAS JOKING AROUND AT THE TIME!
...I THINK HE THOUGHT THE GUN WAS EMPTY, AND THAT HE AIMED IT AT HIS HEAD JUST TO FREAK ME OUT...
ONLY HE MUST'VE MISCOUNTED HOW MANY BULLETS WE FIRED!
...AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO THINK HAPPENED...
JEEZUS...
SWIG!
SWIG!
—OH, BUT STINKY TOLD ME A PRETTY FUNNY JOKE JUST BEFORE HE DIED...
UH... SURE.
WANNA HEAR IT?
OKAY, UM, IF THE FLINTSTONES WERE BLACK, WHAT WOULD THEY CHANGE THEIR NAME TO?
ERR... I DUNNO. WHAT?
"THE NIGGERS"!
?
...OH, WAIT, I THINK I TOLD IT WRONG...
THE END

KISS IT GOODBYE
She Loves Me, She Loves Me Not...
PRODUCED and ENGINE-EARED by billy anderson
Out Now
Rev:58 LP/CS $8 CD $10
shades
SEEING THINGS
apart
U.S. Tour with
Descendents starts March 11th
Produced by Bill Stevenson & Stephen Egerton
Rev:57 LP/CS $8 CD $10
Rage Against The Machine
People Of The Sun EP
Rev:56 10"
Sparkmarker
500wattburner@seven
Crisis 12 LP/CS/CD
sparkmarker
Whirlpool
Liquid Glass
Rev:52 LP/CS/CD
Ignite
Past Our Means
Rev:54 12" EP/CS EP/CD EP
In-Flight Program
Revelation Records Collection '97
Rev:50 CD $5.00*
IN-FLIGHT PROGRAM
56 page mailorder fanzine.
Mail Order Prices:
LP $8.00
CS $8.00
12" EP $6.00
CS EP $6.00
10" $7.00
$5.00

Hi-HO, HATESTERS!

I'm very pleased to report that for the first time in HATE's history the latest format change—in this case the even more expanded page count starting with issue #26—was received with near universal acceptance by YOU, the otherwise notoriously fickle and demanding HATE readership. *Why* this should suddenly be the case after years of endless harping and belly-aching over every alteration I've made to this title's original incarnation is anybody's guess, but far be it for me to complain over this newfound state of comic book bliss that we've finally achieved. When *you're* happy, *I'm* happy! So, that being said, let's move on to some other bits o' bizniz...

For a change I'd like to devote this issue's plug section to the work of this issue's contributors, simply because they're responsible for so many exciting new titles that you all must be made aware of.

First off is the latest issue of Jim Blanchard's **Bad Meat** ($4.00 pp. to Beef Eye: Box 20321, Seattle, WA 98102), an amazing anthology that features several all-star collaborators, showcases "Bleachy's" considerable illustration skills as well as his rather disturbing, borderline sociopathic sense of "humor." And what with Jim threatening to keep the print run of this must-have item at "exclusive" levels, I would not hesitate in placing an order for your copy a.s.a.p....

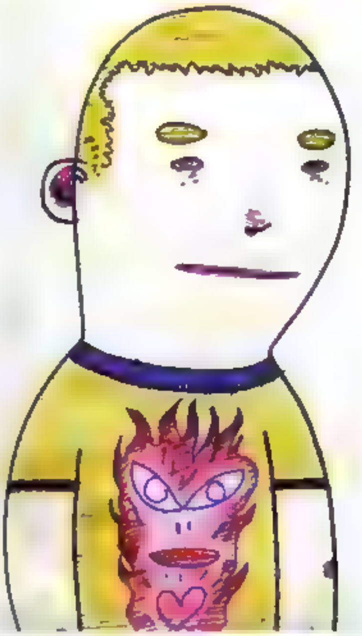
Another long-awaited masterpiece-in-the-making is Rick Altergott's **Doofus #2**, ($3.50, Fantagraphics Books), which hopefully will be hitting the stands before this summer. What I've seen of this baby so far is more than any Altergott fan could possibly wish or hope for, in which the adventures of Doofus and Henry are illuminated in that unnervingly detailed style that you've thus far only been treated to tidbits of in this publication. So hold on to your hats, Flowertown Aficionados! ... HATE newcomer Ariel Bordeaux has just made the leap from mini-comic self-publishing queen to full-blown "Graphic Novelist" with the release of **No Love Lost** (64 pages, $6.95, from Drawn & Quarterly). This semi-autobiographical tale of relationship-and-dating-hell is the reason why Ms. Bordeaux has not been seen or heard from

in a while, slaving away as she was in her cramped, unheated little cartoonist cubby-hole, the poor dear, just so she could offer this, her magnum opus, to the world. So you fuckers better buy and *love it*, or suffer the shame of being an ingrate forever! ... For those of you poorly served by your local comic dealer—and judging from how many of you wrote to me bemoaning the demise of **Meatcake**, I'd say you are legion—you'll be pleased to learn that not only is Dame Darcy's solo comic alive and well, but that **MC #7** *should* be on the stands in a mere month or two. Which of course is good news if you're like me and revel in Miss Darcy's (or "Darn Damey," as I heard someone refer to her) drawing style, as well as her hilarious way with words. *Attention all cable subscribers in the NYC area:* Assuming you haven't already, you must tune in to Darcy's own cable access TV show, "Turn of the Century," for some rip-roarin' gothic hijinx as only this High-Steppin' Filly can deliver 'em. You *shan't* be disappointed! ... I had just missed the boat last ish in announcing the release of R. Crumb's **Art & Beauty** ($4.95, Kitchen Sink), which features lovingly rendered illustrations celebrating the female form (accompanied by some pseudo-intellectual text that I personally found *hilarious).* Ah, but it's just as well that I did, since I can now bring it to your attention in conjunction with the release of Bob and Aline's **Self-Loathing #2** ($3.50, Fant), in which everyone's favorite kvetch-meisters kicks things off with a long bitch-fest about how they just want to be left alone in their quaint little European village, free from any and all modern-day contraptions. Which is all well and good and perfectly understandable, of course, but I still wish one of 'em would go out and buy a good old-fashioned *Fax Machine*, which not only would save themselves (and me) a fortune in long-distance phone calls, but is also the greatest "pest control" device known to man! *HOORAY FOR PROGRESS!!!*

Sorry, no letters section this time, due to a lack of room *and* the fact that I've received so many great letters that I want to run them all! So I'll be making a point of running an extra long letter col. in next ish. Two themes regarding HATE #26 stuck out the most, the first being the departure of Lisa Leavenworth from the main storyline, which was treated as GREAT NEWS from young male readers in particular. I had *no idea* poor little Lisa was that *hated* by you people! Especially since she's my favorite character by far, or at least the most fascinating. Oh well, live and learn... Also at issue were the letters I ran by B. N. Duncan, and again it was the younger men in our audience who took considerable moral offense—OUTRAGE, even—at Mr. D's, er... "sexual proclivities." Look, you all have the God-given right to be disgusted by whatever it is that *does* disgust you, but what *I* happen to find offensive—even when made in jest—is the assumption that just because you happen to find his inclinations objectionable he must therefore be a RAPIST and/or a CHILD MOLESTER. What the hell is *that* all about?!?

Last but not least, I'd like to ask all you e-mailers to please include your name and the city you live in, if only so's that you come across as an *actual human*, rather than a collection of molecules somewhere out there in cyberspace. Thanks in advance, and see you next ish! —PB

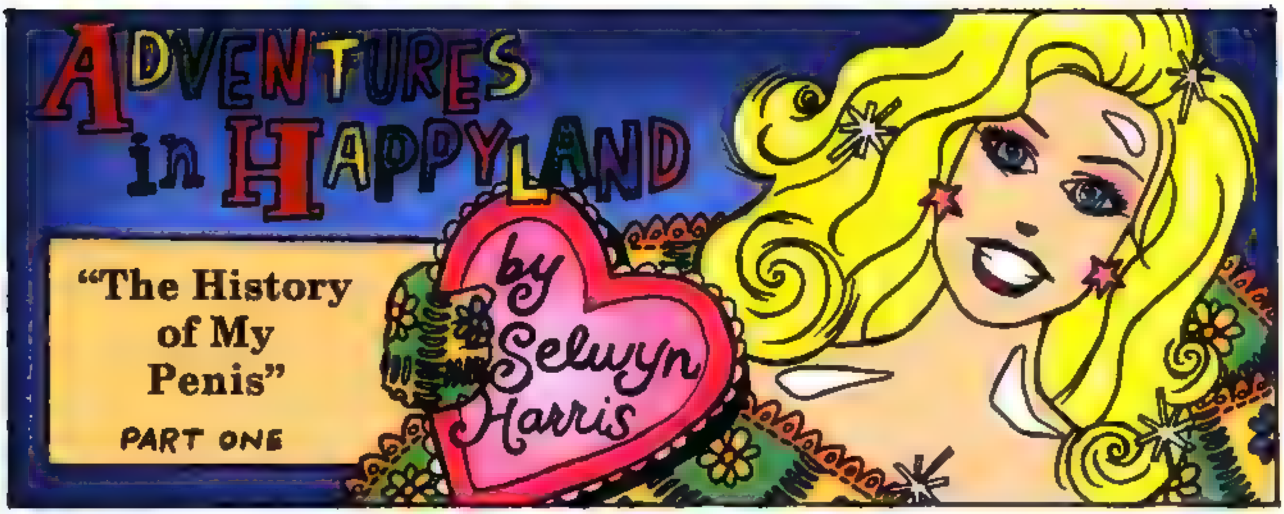
Lisa's "tat" on a tee, by G. Coupland of London, UK



Editor: KIM THOMPSON • Inker: JIM BLANCHARD • Colorist. JOANNE BAGGE Computer Color: RICK ALTERGOTT & Citizen Color

Helpful Elves: PAT MORIARITY+ WASKEY • Ad Rep: RHEA PATTON • Filmwork: DIGICOLOR • Publishers: GARY GROTH and KIM THOMPSON

HATE #27 MAY 1997 *HATE* IS PUBLISHED FIVE TIMES A YEAR BY FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS, INC AND IS © 1997 FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS. ALL CHARACTERS, STORIES, AND ART © 1997 PETER BAGGE. UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED NO PART OF THIS MAGAZINE MAY BE REPRODUCED WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS OR PETER BAGGE. NO SIMILARITY BETWEEN ANY OF THE NAMES, CHARACTERS, PERSONS AND INSTITUTIONS IN *HATE* AND THOSE OF ANY LIVING OR DEAD PERSONS IS INTENDED (EXCEPT FOR SATIRICAL INTENT), AND ANY SUCH SIMILARITY THAT MAY EXIST IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. LETTERS TO *HATE* BECOME THE PROPERTY OF THE MAGAZINE AND ARE ASSUMED INTENDED FOR PUBLICATION IN WHOLE OR IN PART, AND MAY THEREFORE BE USED FOR THOSE PURPOSES. FIRST PRINTING: APRIL 1997 FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS. 7563 LAKE CITY WAY NE SEATTLE WA 98115 SEND FOR OUR FREE FULL COLOR CATALOG! PRINTED IN CANADA



In the beginning, it was very small and it was my friend. That would all change soon enough.

My penis served as an unremarkable wee-wee pump for its first seven or so years, but a bona fide apocalypse brewed in them there Grr-Animals slacks—one that rages to this day with unpredictable, ever-newly-dismaying ferocity.

It all began with my discovery of naked lady golf tees in a Spencer Gifts catalogue—plastic chickadees with big tits, round butts, dainty vaginal slits and no heads. My concept of "attractive" was corrupted forever after. I banged my rock-like little piddle-siphon against the floor and stared at those quite literally topless beauties for hours. So there *was* more to "Li'l Selly" than the drainage of processed chocolate milk. I smiled, simultaneously awakened and oblivious, as the door at the top of the stairway to Hell creaked open.

What follows are the key chapters, thus far, in the history of my penis. They are arranged chronologically, so your disgust with human existence will at least be timely.

• • •

Two things mattered to nine-year-old me above all others: my funnybone and fun with my boner. Circa the summer of 1978, the specific focus of these fell (in order) on the Little Rascals, who you know, and Lisa Ann Bundenbach, who was a flaxen-haired creampuff residing next door to my grandmother in beautiful Keansburg, New Jersey. Ever the enterprising scamp, I found a way to combine my appreciation of the two.

Just as Spanky and the gang would jerry-rig firetrucks and working nightclubs out of spare lumber and inner tubes, I fashioned a primitive Lisa Ann Bundebach fuck-doll from a weathered afghan and a life-size Barbi "learn-to-put-on-makeup" head. Thus, at 5:29 each weekday, I'd prepare a junior love nest behind the closed door of the TV room. From 5:30 to 5:42, I enjoyed copious guffaws with one arm around my ersatz childhood sweetheart. Three minutes of commercials followed, during which I pounded my raging, pipsqueak hard-on jackhammer-like into a carefully aligned succession of holes in the bed-covering, licking the Barbi head and squeezing a pair of rolled-up-sock "tits" all the while. Then I'd watch the second Rascals and go outside and play.

This went off flawlessly until the time I thought somebody was coming and I panicked and, in my haste, I felt the burning snag of zipper-teeth in my lust-gorged, bite-sized whiz-shank.

There was blood. There was agony. There was no way for me to explain this. With gritted teeth, I performed the penile zipectomy myself to Alfalfa crooning "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" in the background. After that, comedy was enough to captivate me for a long, long time. But not forever.

• • •

What puberty lacked in promptness for me was more than made up for in explosive acne, teenage obesity and the dawn of a new purpose: to render my every waking moment my every *wanking* moment.

Prior to 1983, I'd made plenty of jokes about "jerking off" without, in retrospect, having a 100-percent grasp on what that meant. For example, I thought nothing of asking to be excused from Sex Ed to use the bathroom after a graphic description of lubricating vaginas. My classmates burst into catcalls, fists pounded the undersides of desktops, everybody made that "flukka-flukka" sound by pinching and rapidly yanking on their cheeks. I sauntered off clueless. Merry Jesuit instructor Father Cornelius Carr, not missing a beat, called after me, "Take your time, just wash your goddamned hands before you come back!"

A few weeks later, wiping volcanic ally-discharged tapioca off my fingers, my forehead and a shoplifted copy of "Celebrity Skin," I put two and two together and was appropriately embarrassed by the big bungle in Sex Ed. Oh, well. At least they didn't think I was a homo. 'Cause everybody knows it's cooler to be a hand-humping freak who decorates the backs of toilet stalls after a priest yaps about "birth canal mucus" than it is to be a homo, right?

RIGHT?

• • •

Kirsten Lynne had never heard of anything quite so pathetic as a 16-year-old virgin in the summer of 1985. She'd also been intrigued by the film "Revenge of the Nerds," which proposed that ugly geeks made better lovers than handsome jocks, because geeks think about sex all day while jocks are stuck on sports. So that was how I came to have blond, suburban cheerleader Kirsten writhing on my fat, zitty, Brooklyn mick mug while a discarded fishing lure ripped my tender butt open on the bonny, bonny banks of Lake Mohawk.

"Stop laughing!" Kirsten snarled. "What's so funny?"

"I...I just sat on a fishhook," I giggled and then I kept mum. Boundaries *must* be respected in a mercy fuck.

We were on a big rock by the lakeside. I was on my back. We'd run the gamut of foreplay practices. Kirsten's nay-nay was hot and runny just like Father Carr had promised. That's why I didn't understand the the ripping, sandpaper agony I felt when Ms. Lynne at last squatted on my shocked johnson.

I know now that my cock was in her ass.

Either that was how Kirsten wanted it or she didn't care. She half-sneered, "You're in. You're not a virgin any more. You better love me for the rest of your life and buy me lots of presents."

Oh, was I willing.

"Now, how do you want to come?" Kirsten queried. "Fast like a fireball, or slow...like a shoestore?"

You try not laughing at that. Kirsten flailed a lot, and told me to shut up at least twice more. I finished myself off while she searched around for her pants. A few weeks later, Kirsten would try to extort "abortion" money from me. I told her she could just shit our kid out. Of course, I was bitter because the night after she relieved me of maiden status, she performed the identical service for my best friend, Tom.

But right after my big pop, I immediately reported to my buddy Phil.

"How was it?" Phil asked.

"It hurt," I told him.

He chuckled. "I always knew you were a homo."

• • •

Next issue: More reasons for you to be jealous of my incredibly awesome life.

Republican Pornographer Sewyn Harris hails from his native Brooklyn, NY and is responsible for the infamous fanzine HAPPYLAND.

HURRY UP, YOU BASTARDS! I'VE GOT TO SIGN MY NAME TO THOSE DAILIES BEFORE I PICK UP MY REUBEN AWARD!
FASCIST cartoonist
©94
TOM KING
& WALT HOLCOMBE
I SAID THE NINE IRON, YOU SLACK-JAWED IDIOT!
SAYYYY! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA FOR A SWELL GAG!
PAK!
TREE-HUGGING HIPPIE FAGGOT!
AND IF I SEE ONE MORE ANGRY LOOKING NEGRO...
$
IS THIS SOME SORT OF OBSCURE DRUG REFERENCE? THIS IS A FAMILY STRIP! YOU'RE FIRED, YOU DOPE-ADDLED HACK! GO TO RUSSIA YOU LOVE IT SO MUCH!
..B-BUT..
GODDAMN LADY DRIVERS!
HUGE TITS, THOUGH -- SAY, THAT GIVES ME A SWELL IDEA FOR A GAG!
HONK!
DON'T YOU FORGET THAT THAT FUCKING TALKING DUCK PAYS FOR ALL THAT LIPSTICK AND MASCARA YOU APPLY WITH A FUCKING TROWEL SO WHEN I COME HOME I WANT TO FUCKING HEAR, "YOUR HIGHNESS, MAY I SUCK YOUR DICK?" I'M THE FUCKING KING OF CARTOONS, YOU FAT WHORE! I WANT YOU TO SAY IT! SAY IT, BITCH! "YOU ARE THE KING OF CARTOONS" SAY IT OR SO HELP ME I'LL KILL THAT FAT, FREE-LOADING INVALID BITCH WHORE MOTHER OF YOURS AND IF YOU EVER TRY TO LEAVE ME I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU, DO YOU UNDERSTAND THAT? NOW SAY IT! "YOU ARE THE KING OF CARTOONS"! SAY IT!

Kickin' Ass
with Aaron Lee

I'm not the type who gets all sloppy and sentimental and ends up crying in the evening's third Bahama Mama. But after this column's first appearance in the pages of *Hate*, my mailbag was so stuffed with hosannas—well, let's just say the old water pipes haven't seen this kind of workout since *Terms of Endearment* (the original, not that limp-dick sequel). When I walk down the street and folks yell, "Give 'em hell, Aaron," I blubber like Sally Field accepting the Nobel freakin' Peace Prize. Don't worry, *Kickin' Ass* will always be a no-nonsense sock in the cookies for the Washington fat-cats and Hollywood hypocrites who rise my gorge (hint: Cheech "Too High and Mighty to Return Tommy Chong's Calls" Marin); however, see if you're not misty by the end of this random missive from the pile.

Dear Aaron,

Finally, someone's got the guts to say Professional Wrestling is rigged! For years, I have written letters to Time *and* Newsweek *decrying this "sport" (ha). I don't know how you managed to penetrate the wrestling-controlled media (of which I suspect Peter Bagge is a part), but now I will buy* Hate *every issue. Please expose pyramid schemes next*

Signed,

An Alcoholic Paraplegic Who Has Little to Live For Other Than the Next Installment of Kickin' Ass

Thanks for the suggestion, A.A.P.W.H L.T.L.F.O.T.T.N.I.O.K.A., but when the foot flies, only two people choose the target: *I and I alone.* Go dump another gallon of hooch in your colostomy bag, you limbless bastard! I've got 2.5 million *Hate* readers to entertain. Did you know this column is most popular with Black and Asian females, age 18 to 35?

• • •

A seat on my sandals is always reserved for the aforementioned media nancy-boys (no offense, Bagge). Make those sandals bronze and baby-size in honor of JonBenet; tabloid coverage of her murder sickens me, and I demand a little steel-toed justice! (So sandals don't have toes. You win a No Prize, Effendi.)

Every time I'm in the supermarket line waiting to buy condoms [Note to self: Why are commercially available prophylactics so damn loose-fitting?], I'm assaulted by the kind of screaming headlines I hoped had disappeared with the Lindbergh Baby. Worst of all, the actual article will be buried so deep within *the National Weekly Midnight Globe Star*, I've got no time to read about the alien sperm sample found on Ennis Cosby's right shoe that somehow proves JonBenet and Elvis were carrying on an affair behind Bigfoot's back before the checker rings up my Trojans. I'm forced to buy all the tabloids and read them at home!

Jimmy Olsen wannabes, you've been warned: If Ol' Kewpie Mug is on the front page, she'd better be easy to find within. Otherwise, it's exploitation. And don't call me chief!

• • •

Speaking of magazine covers, quite a few recent ones have been taken up by a bare bottom that could sure use a swift sneaker.

The keister in question belongs to Téa Leoni, star of NBC's sitcom *The Naked Truth*. It's a good thing this babe didn't land on a show called *The Conservatively Dressed Truth*, or there'd be no reason to plaster her birthday suit all over *Entertainment Weekly* and proclaim her "the next Lucille Ball."

Each week, viewers are supposed to be entertained by the sight of a beautiful woman taking pratfalls even Chevy Chase would find humiliating. I said it about Jenny McCarthy and I'll say it again: Just because a blond airhead lights her farts on national television doesn't make her funny. That's not "physical comedy," that's a cry for help! Think about it, Brooke freakin' Shields.

• • •

Wuxtry, wuxtry, another Kickin' Ass Scam Alert: Those "free" Visa cards sent through the mail aren't so free after all. I used mine for six months before anyone bothered to point out a fine-print detail that could end up costing me $10,000—the bloodsucking indian givers *expect you to pay the money back!*

• • •

On a lighter note, *Killing For Culture* (Creation Books) is the best addition to the Library of Booty-Booting since V.C. Andrews became maggot chow. Two teabags from merry olde England, both named David (Kerekes and Slater), have devoted about 7,000 pages to the burning question: Were those old *Faces of Death* videos fake? (Hint: Yes.) Killing kovers the history of "snuff" movies, which I found fascinating because I appeared in one once, but it was just a cameo so you probably didn't see me. I'll see you beautiful people next issue for more hiney shoeshines. [Note to self: Make sure I *thought* that sentence about loose-fitting condoms and didn't *actually type it.*]

NEXT ISSUE: Tributes to Jeane Dixon and Frank Sinatra (if he's dead by then).

ATARI TEENAGE RIOT
BURN, BERLIN, BURN!
BURN, BERLIN, BURN! DOUBLE LP/CD
DEBUT ALBUM OUT NOW

This ain't Retro,
this is Genocide...
(not really, but it does sound kinda cool)
The Skip Heller Generation
Bossa Nova Noir ie; music to watch girls (leave) by
The Vibro-Champs
quite simply the worlds greatest rock-a-surf-stomp-swing-western-jazz-billy band in existance.
NEW TAKES ON THE OLD SCHOOL
2217 Nicollet ave s
MPLS MN 55404
www.tt.net/tag/ultramodern.html
ULTRA MODERN

the makers
hunger
MAKERS ON TOUR w/THEE HEADCOATS!
4/30th Minneapolis, MN (7th Street Entry) 5/1 Green Bay, WI (Concert Cafe) 5/2 Chicago, IL (Empty Bottle) 5/3 Columbus, OH (El Rosa Villa) 5/4 Detroit, MI (Shelter) 5/5 Toronto, ONT (Legendary) 5/7 Morgantown, WV (Nyabinghi Dancehall) 5/8 Washington, DC (Black Cat) 5/9 Philadelphia, PA (Upstairs at Nicks) 5/10 Cambridge, MA (Middle East) 5/11 New York, NY (Tramps) 5/12 Providence, RI (Met Cafe)

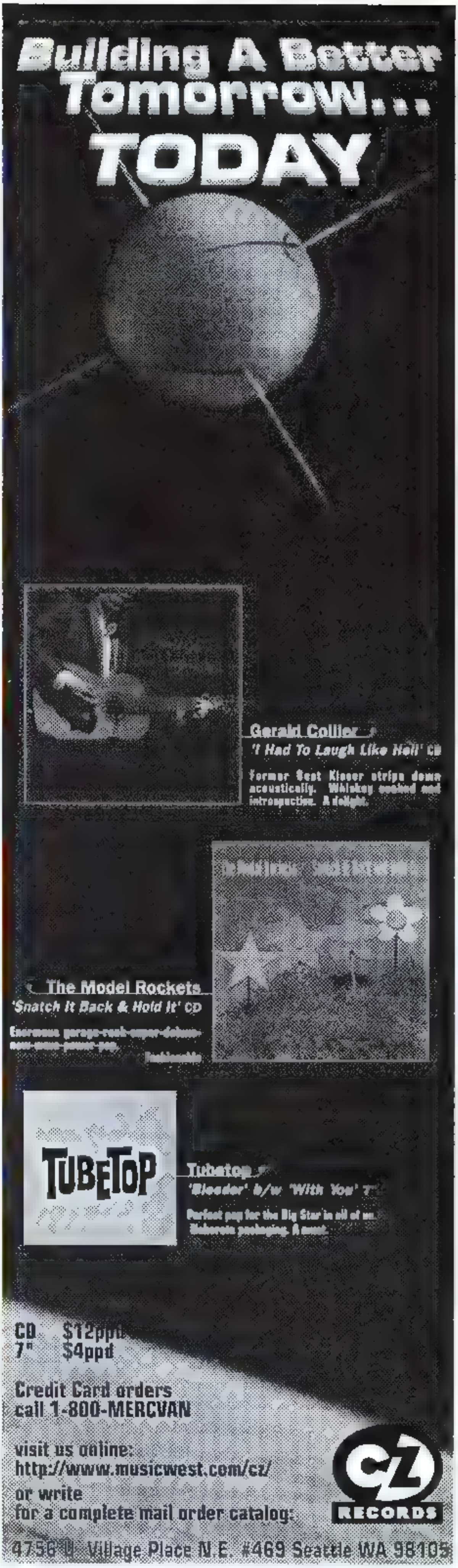
STORY/PENCILS: PETEY O'BAGGIE • INKS: ERIC McREYNOLDS

Gigglepuss
and Her pal, SUGAR BRITCHES
in: "POTTERY"
by: Ariel Bordeaux
≈ SIGH ! ≈ I HAVEN'T MADE A PENNY TODAY.. I WISH SOME-ONE WOULD AT LEAST LOOK AT MY POTTERY!
'SUP, GIGGLEPUSS? THIS IS BEAUTIFUL CERAMIC WORK... D'YOU EVER MAKE BONGS?
THANKS, SUGAR BRITCHES! NO... UH ..WHAT IS A "BONG"?
DU-U-U-DE! YOU DON'T KNOW? HEY, WANNA BURN A SPLEEF?
UM... UH... I DON'T KNOW IF YOU SHOULD HAVE THAT OUT IN PUBLIC...
RELAX, IT'S MELLOW. ≈ SSSSSSUCK! ≈ MAN, I NEED THIS!
OOOOH... NOO.. I THINK YOU BETTER..
AWRITE. PUNKS, YER BUSTED FER SELLIN' PARAPHERNALIA TO KIDS...
AN' SMOKIN' CRACK IN PUBLIC!
F*CK'N PIGS!
MY POTTERY...
SMASH SMASH
HOW ARE WE GONNA GET OUTTA HERE, SUGAR BRITCHES? I DON'T HAVE THE BAIL MONEY!
DON'T WORRY! MY OL' MAN'LL BAIL US OUT — B'SIDES - I'VE GOT A STASH OF DOWNERS HID IN MY COOCHIE!
end

bis
"this is teen-c power!" the new e.p. on grand royal
look for the new bis lp "the new transistor heroes" coming in may on grand royal/capitol
this is teen-c power!
"this is teen-c power!" e.p.
the new transistor her

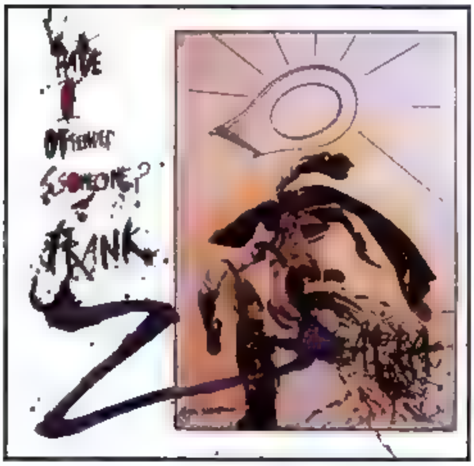
AUTOBIOGRAPHY CORNER
WITH YOUR HOST:
Dame Darcy ©1997
TRUTH IS "STANGER" THAN FICTION PART II
I WANT TO BE CLONED!
WHILE MAKING DOLLS, I SAW THAT MONKEY ON TV CLINGING TO ITS CLONE... I WAS OVERCOME BY MY LONGING TO HAVE A TWIN.
I HAVE HAD COUNTLESS DREAMS WHERE MY MIRROR IMAGE GIVES ME ADVICE OR INSIGHT.
YOU ARE THE DOLL OF A GHOST OF A DANCE HALL GIRL. AS SOON AS YOU ARE SATISFIED WITH YOUR CURRENT POSITION IN LIFE, YOU WILL ADVANCE TO THE FAME STATUS YOU DESERVE.
WHILE STILL FORMING IN MY MOTHERS WOMB I ATE MY TWIN THROUGH MY OWN UTERUS. AND NOW SHE RESIDS IN MY WOMB AND MAKES MY PERIODS PAINFUL AND IRREGULAR.
ME
FILLY...
I WOULD WILLINGLY BE THE FIRST CLONE TEST PATIENT! I'VE BEEN PAID TO HAVE MEDICAL TESTS DONE ON ME BEFORE AND WOULD HAPPILY DO IT AGAIN. ONLY IF I WAS TO BE ASSURED OF HAVING MY DELIGHTFUL CLONE AT LAST.
HOW CAPITAL!
THEY TESTED NAUSEA MEDICINE ON US. THEY PUT US ON A BOAT AND SAILED IT OVER CHOPPY WATER IN THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY TO MAKE THE STUDY PATIENTS SICK. FOR LUNCH: HAM SANDWICHES WITH PLENTY OF MAYO. AND BROWNIES. BUT I WOULD HAVE NONE OF THAT.
EVERYONE VOMITED. I DIDN'T I THINK I HAD THE PLACEBO.
MY FRIEND SAVED HER VOMIT AND CAREFULLY DRIED IT ON THE ROOF SO WE COULD GLUE IT ON THE ALBUM COVERS OF THE BAND I WAS IN 2YRS. "CAROLINER" IF YOU'RE ONE OF THE HEPCATS THAT GOT THIS ALBUM, HAPPY FUN TO YOU.
WHAT WOULD I DO WITH MY CLONE? YOU MAY ASK. WHAT WOULDN'T I DO?!?
SHE DEFINITELY WOULD BE USEFUL ON MY TV SHOW, JUST THINK OF THE LUXURIOUS VICTORIAN OUTFITS!
IF SHE WANTED TO GO ON A DATE WITH ME AND MY BOYFRIEND I WOULDN'T MIND.
SHE WOULD BE MINE FOREVER! TO DO WITH AS I PLEASED.
The End
TUNE IN NEXT TIME FOR ANOTHER EXCITING EPISODE.

GRAVITY KILLS
MANIPULATED
THE REMIX EP
13 TRACKS – 70 MINUTES
SPECIALLY PRICED
INCLUDING REMIXES BY:
AL JOURGENSEN OF MINISTRY
LORDS OF ACID
P.M. DAWN
MARTIN ATKINS OF PIL & KILLING JOKE
VAN CHRISTIE OF DIE WARZAU
TRICKY PRODUCER MARK SAUNDERS
JUNO REACTOR
AND MORE!
AVAILABLE AT COOL RECORD STORES EVERYWHERE.
TVT RECORDS, 23 EAST 4TH STREET, NY, NY 10003
TEL: 212.979.6410 FAX: 212.979.6489 WWW.TVTRECORDS.COM
© 1997 TVT RECORDS


Building A Better Tomorrow... TODAY
Gerald Collier
'I Had To Laugh Like Hell' CD
Former Seat Kisser strips down acoustically. Whiskey soaked and introspective. A delight.
The Model Rockets
'Snatch It Back & Hold It' CD
TUBETOP
Tubetop
'Bleeder' b/w 'With You' 7"
Perfect pop for the Big Star in all of us.
CD $12ppd
7" $4ppd
Credit Card orders
call 1-800-MERCVAN
visit us online:
http://www.musicwest.com/cz/
or write
for a complete mail order catalog:
4756 U Village Place N.E. #469 Seattle WA 98105
CZ RECORDS

PRODUCED BY FRANK ZAPPA
Includes "Valley Girl," "Dinah-Moe Humm," "Titties 'n Beer," and "Bobby Brown Goes Down."

IN STORES NOW.



www.rykodisc.com
Rykodisc Mailorder: 1-800-2-EARFUL (1-800-232-7385)

RYKO FZ

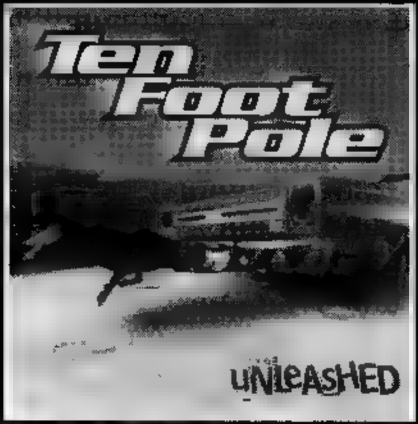
© 1997 Rykodisc

VON SCHLICHTING & FISHER-97

VON SCHLICHTING & FISHER-97

GET THESE FROM THE HOMBRE

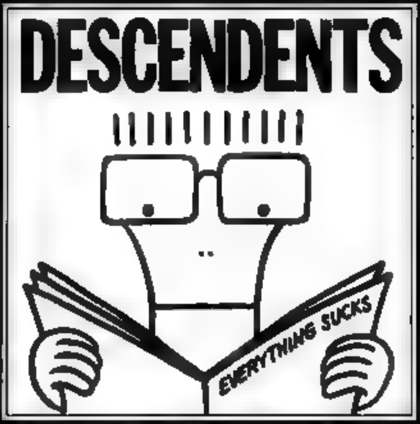
The Humpers
Plastique Valentine — 8301, 8302



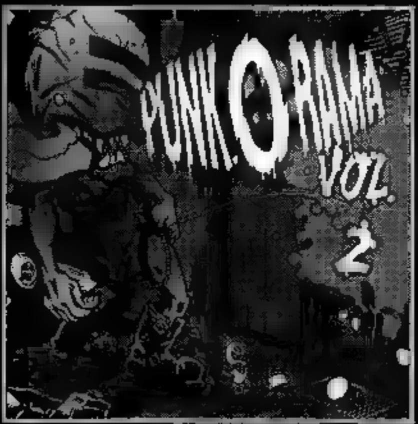
Ten Foot Pole
Unleashed — 7801, 7802

NOFX
Heavy Petting Zoo — 5701, 5702

New Bomb Turks
Scared Straight — 7901, 7902



Descendents
Everything Sucks — 8101, 8102



Punk-O-Rama
Volume 2 — 8401, 8402

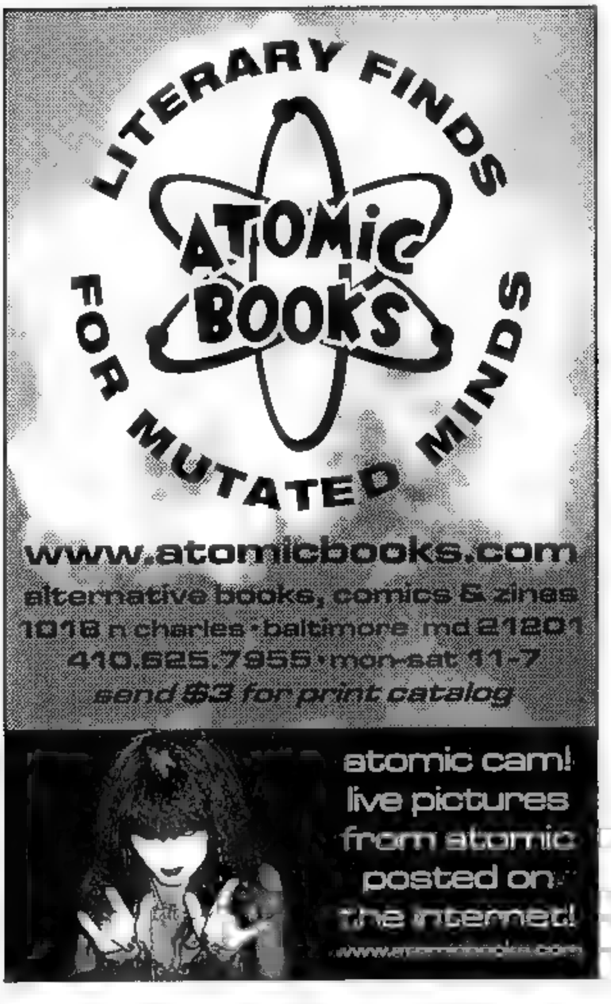
Check out these records on the Epitaph Hotline, just dial (213) I-OFFEND and punch in the code.

Epitaph

An engaging and diverting activity for an asshole like you.
① With a pair of sharp scissors, cut around outline of design. Paste onto sturdy cardboard backing.
② Fold as shown. Then insert tabs at far end of design into slots at left.
③ You're finished. Now, shove it up your ass!!
DOOFUS
and His Pal, Henry Hotchkiss
IN FLOWERTOWN U.S.A.
WAHHH
TELL ME HENRY HOTCHKISS.. DO YOU STILL GET TEASED AND TORMENTED BY THOSE BULLIES WHO HANG OUT UP AHEAD ON THE CORNER OF DAISYWAY BLVD!?
FUNNY YOU SHOULD MENTION THEM, DOOFUS, BEACAUSE JUST RECENTLY THE SITUATION HAS TAKEN AN UNEXPECTED TURN FOR THE BETTER! IN FACT...
..THOSE SAME BULLIES HAVE GIVEN ME MY VERY OWN NICKNAME!!
THAT'S GREAT NEWS, HENRY HOTCHKISS! OFTEN, A COLORFUL SOBRIQUET IS A GOOD SIGN! IT INDICATES FAMILIARITY, EVEN PARTIALITY, WITHIN ONES OWN PEER GROUP!!
SO, TOUCHÉ! IT SOUNDS AS IF YOU'VE BEEN ACCEPTED INTO THE FOLD!
I HAVE BEEN, DOOFUS! THAT'S WHY I'M SO EXCITED! AND IT SURE FEELS FANTASTIC TO BE INCLUDED!
And...
"WAKE ME" STARRING IN AN INGENIOUS CARTOON CAPER! "WALLPAPER PATTERN!"
SO, UH, HENRY HOTCHKISS. ... IF I MIGHT ASK YOU?! WHAT IS YOUR NICKNAME?
LOOK WHO'S COMING FELLAHS, IT'S "SHIT-ASS"!
YO, "SHIT-♫ ♫ASS"!!
COME HERE "SHIT-ASS"! I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU!
SORRY, DOOFUS, I GOTTA RUN! THE GUYS ARE CALLING ME! BYE!!
END

Years and Years of DEPENDABLE Service!
Publishing since 1977
TEENAGE EXCITEMENT, ROMANCE AND MYSTERY!
THE NEXT BIG THING
IRC or SAE to
20 Albert Avenue, Grungemouth, Stirlingshire. Scotland. FK3 9AT.
Tel/Fax - 01324 482 724
for Details and Mailorder List

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR RELIEF?
Pop Culture
SPECIALISTS
'Zines
Comics
New & Used
Compact Discs
Trading Cards
CRIMINAL RECORDS
CRIMINAL RECORDS
COMPACT DISCS & COMICS
466 MORELAND AVE.
ATLANTA, GA


LITERARY FINDS FOR MUTATED MINDS
ATOMIC BOOKS
www.atomicbooks.com
alternative books, comics & zines
1018 n charles • baltimore md 21201
410.625.7955 • mon-sat 11-7
send $3 for print catalog
atomic cam!
live pictures
from atomic
posted on
the internet!

MORE CRUMB?
CHECK THE LAST GASP CATALOG & WEBSITE
WOMEN
HUP
AMERICA
AMERICA
80 pages $16.95
BIG ASS COMIX
#1 - $2.50,
#2 - $3.95
HUP :
#1,2,3,4 $2.95
MY TROUBLES WITH WOMEN
80 pages $16.95
LAST GASP OF SAN FRANCISCO
777 FLORIDA SAN FRANCISCO CA 94110
Ph: (415) 824 6636 Fax: (415) 824 1836
http://www.last gasp.com
e-mail: lastgasp@hooked.net

AND NOW, THE NOT-READY-FOR-SYNDICATION PLAYERS PROUDLY PRESENT THEIR MEAN-SPIRITED MOCKERY OF AMERICA'S BEST-LOVED COMIC-STRIP CAREER-GAL... YOU KNOW, THE ONE WITH BOTH EYEBALLS CRAMMED INTO ONE SOCKET— HEY, IT GETS LIKE THAT FOR THE STRESSED'N'OPPRESSED WORKING WOMAN! IT'S NO WONDER THEY ALL ADORE.......
CAFFY!
WRITTEN & DRAWN BY THAT SNEERIN', JEERIN' DUO, PETER BAGGE & R.CRUMB ©1997
WHAAH! MY BOYFRIEND HATES ME!
WH-WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW, CAFFY DEAR ??
I DON'T HATE YOU! THAT'S RIDICULOUS! PLEASE DON'T CRY, CAFFY!
HE SAID I HAVE A BIG FAT ASS!!
OKAY, MAYBE IT WAS THE WRONG CHOICE OF WORDS! WHAT I MEANT TO SAY WAS— WELL— ULP— THAT IS, I—OH JEEZ...
BLUBBER
SOB
I'M A SHMUCK YOU'RE A SHMUCK
DO I HAVE A BIG FAT ASS, MOMSIES? TELL ME THE TRUTH!
OF COURSE NOT, DEAR...
WIMPER SNUCK SNIVEL
SOB
SOB

YOU MEN ARE ALL ALIKE! YOU EXPECT US WOMEN TO STARVE OURSELVES SO WE'LL LOOK LIKE SOME BRAINLESS SUPER MODEL!
NOT AT ALL, CAFFY! YOU'VE GOT ME ALL WRONG! RILLY!!
IF YOU'D JUST GIVE ME A CHANCE TO---
NO MORE DIALOGUE WITH THE ENEMY! I WANT YOU THE HELL OUT OF MY HOUSE RIGHT NOW! GET OUT AND STAY OUT, YOU SEXIST PERVERT!
YIKES!
THAT'S RIGHT, RUN, YOU COWARD! YOU WHINEY WORM!
I'M OUTA HERE!
SLAM
@*♂♀!!!! BASTARD!
SMASH
OH GOD...THAT WAS SO TRAUMATIC...I RILLY BLEW IT THIS TIME! SHE'S RIGHT, I AM A SEXIST PERVERT, BUT IT WAS A BIG MISTAKE TO ADMIT THAT I AM IN FACT OB-SESSED WITH THAT MAG-NIFICENT HORSE RUMP OF HER'S...
OH GOD I NEED HELP...
I'M PATHETIC YOU'RE PATHETIC
BLAHWAHRH
NOW WHAT ARE YOU CRYING ABOUT, CAFFY?
I'M CRYING BE-BECAUSE-ULP GULP-BECAUSE I LUH-LUH-LOVE HIM!
BLAR
OH FOR PITY'S SAKE! GOOD RIDDANCE TO BAD RUBBISH, I SAY!
LORD SHE DOES HAVE A RATHER ENORMOUS CABOOSE ON HER.... LOOK AT THAT THING!

I DON'T KNOW WHY HE PUTS UP WITH ME-- SOB--HE'S SUCH A GOOD PERSON, AND--SOB--I'M JUST A BIG BRAT!
I WOULDN'T BLAME HIM IF HE NEVER SPOKE TO ME AGAIN!
SOB BLUBBER CHOKE
THERE THERE, YOU POOR THING!
SHE MUST'VE GOTTEN IT FROM HER FATHER'S SIDE--NOBODY IN MY FAMILY HAD A BOTTOM LIKE THAT!
I KNOW WHAT'LL DRY THOSE TEARS! I'VE GOT ALL THE FIXINS FOR YOUR MOST FAVORITE LITTLE SNACKYNUMS!
OH NO! NO MORE SNACKS! I'M GOING ON A STRICT DIET! I'M GONNA MAKE MYSELF THIN FOR POOR ELTON! HE HATES MY BIG REAREND AND SO DO I!
WELL THAT'S FINE, CAFFY, BUT FIRST I THINK MY LITTLE GIRL IS ENTITLED TO ONE LAST LI'L BITTY OL' BANANA SPLIT!
BOING
YOU'RE RIGHT MOMSIE! I'LL START MY DIET RIGHT AFTER THIS!
-AND, OH YEAH, I BETTER FINISH OFF THAT LEFT-OVER LASAGNA THAT'S IN THE FRIDGE SO IT DOESN'T GO BAD!
I'LL GET IT FOR YOU, PRECIOUS!
SLURP
CHOMP
MUNCH
THE NEXT DAY, BACK AT WORK
UH OH! ACCORDING TO THIS ARTICLE, MEN ARE PUT OFF BY NEEDY, DEPENDENT WOMEN, WHILE STRONG, SELF-RELIANT WOMEN HAVE TO BEAT 'EM OFF WITH A STICK!
HERSELF
GOD DAMMIT! THAT'S THE WAY I'M GONNA BE FROM NOW ON! I'M GONNA APPLY FOR THAT MANAGERIAL POSITION! I'M GONNA CLAW MY WAY TO THE TOP IN THIS COMPANY! HAH!
THAT'LL GIVE ME ALOT MORE SELF-ASSURANCE, AND THEN ELTON WILL SEE MY TRUE BRIGHT, ENERGETIC, VIVACIOUS, SUCCESSFUL SELF! PLUS, I'LL HAVE MORE SELF-CONFIDENCE TO STICK TO MY DIET AN' GET THIS BIG OL' BUTT TRIMMED DOWN TO SOMETHING REASONABLE, FINALLY!
OW! BIT MY TONGUE AGAIN!
HERSELF

OH WELL, HERE I GO...
HELLO? IS SOMEONE OUT THERE?
COME IN!
TAP
TAP
LORENZO PISHOCKS PRESIDENT
MR. PISHOCKS, I—I THINK I'D LIKE TO APPLY FOR THAT, YOU KNOW, UM, POSITION AS, UM, LIKE, PERSONNEL MANAGER, IF IT'S STILL... LIKE...
WONDERFUL, CAFFY! I THINK YOU'D BE PERFECT IN THAT POSITION! YES! PERFECT!
HEH HEH
WELL NOW, THAT MEANS YOU AND I WILL BE WORKING MUCH CLOSER TOGETHER! ISN'T THAT EXCITING??
UHH, YEAH, UMM, DOES THIS MEAN I GET THE JOB?
OF COURSE! AND YOU CAN START TOMORROW AT DOUBLE YOUR CURRENT SALARY!
YOU CAN HAVE THE CORNER OFFICE RIGHT NEXT TO MINE!
WOW! GREAT!
OH DEAR GOD, SHE'S BUILT LIKE A BRICK SHITHOUSE!
WHY IS MR. PISHOCKS SWEATING AND SHAKING? MAYBE HE'S COMING DOWN WITH THE FLU...
AND SO...
HE-E-EY, CONGRATULATIONS, CAF! NOW YOU CAN START SAVING FOR YOUR OWN CONDO AND AN I.R.A. ACCOUNT.. Y'KNOW, GET SOME EQUITY GOING HERE!
"EQUITY"? PFFFT! FUCK THAT!
ABOMINATIONS OF FILTH
YOU SPEND
MY PLAN IS TO SHOP 'TIL I MOTHERFUCKING DROP!!
I GOTTA UPGRADE MY ENTIRE WARDROBE NOW TO GO WITH MY NEW POSITION... I NEED SOME POWER DRESSES!!
SOMNAMBULANT ACRES MALL
ENTRANCE
SIGH... OKAY, WHATEVER, CAFFY...
WHAT DO YA THINK OF THIS LITTLE OUTFIT, SHARLENE? SHOULD I GO FOR IT?
IT'S NOT VERY PROFESSIONAL, CAFS, BUT I'M SURE THE PISHMEISTER WILL LIKE IT...
$400

OH YEAH? WHAT IS THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN, EXACKLY?
CAF! GET REAL, BABE! OLD PISHY HAS A HARD-ON FOR YOU, AND YOU KNOW IT!
WHY ELSE WOULD HE HAVE GIVEN YOU THAT PROMOTION?
LET'S BE HONEST! YOU'RE NO MORE QUALIFIED TO BE A "PERSONNEL MANAGER" THAN I AM! YOU'RE IN WAY OVER YOUR HEAD, HONEY!
GOSH SHARLENE, NOTHING LIKE BEING A LITTLE SUPPORTIVE! WELL, FUCK YOU! YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS!
HM! MAYBE IT'S NOT THE FLU AFTER ALL!
UNI SEX
TWO WEEKS LATER
@★MU!!! THIS FUCKING JOB IS HARD WORK!
I'M NOT GETTING PAID NEARLY ENOUGH FOR THIS AGGRAVATION... ...AND WHAT'S WORSE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL I'M DOING!!
OW! BIT MY STOOPID TONGUE AGAIN!
BO-O-OP. YOU DO NOT HAVE ENOUGH ACCESS PRIVI-LEGES....
I WOULD ASK MR. PISHOCKS TO HELP ME, BUT THEN HE'D REALIZE WHAT A DUMB-ASS I AM...
HMM... MAYBE IF I USE MY "FEMININE WILES" HE'LL VOLUNTEER TO HELP ME!
OF COURSE, COMING ON TO A MARRIED MAN —LET ALONE MY BOSS—GOES AGAINST EVERY-THING I BELIEVE IN...
OH WELL, SOME-TIMES A GAL'S GOT TO TOTALLY SELL OUT ON ALL HER PRINCIPLES IF SHE'S GONNA GET AHEAD IN HER CAREER...
OH MR. PISHOCKS!
KNOCK KNOCK
CAFFY! PLEASE, COME IN!
LORENZO PISHOCKS PRESIDENT
I REALLY HATE TO DISTURB YOU, MR. PISHOCKS, BUT I'M HAVING ONE HECK OF A TIME TRYING TO ACCESS CERTAIN DOCUMENTS!
YOU TOO?! YA KNOW, CAFFY, I'M BE-GINNING TO WONDER IF THOSE DOGGONE COM-PUTERS ARE WORTH THE INVESTMENT!
SIGH
FLUTTER
NGH GUH
CONTROL YOURSELF CONTROL YOURSELF SEXUAL HARASS-MENT SUIT CONTROL YOURSELF

UH, HERE, CAFFY! WHY DON'T YOU HAVE A SEAT! TAKE A DEEP BREATH! RELAX!
WE'LL HAVE ONE OF OUR INTERNS TAKE CARE OF THOSE ELUSIVE FILES FOR YOU! THESE GOSHDARN COLLEGE KIDS KNOW COMPUTERS INSIDE AND OUT!
OH BUT I REALLY DON'T WANT TO IMPOSE! I MEAN, IT'S MY JOB AND I-UH-
NONSENSE! THAT'S WHAT INTERNS ARE FOR! HEH HEH HEH
STEADY, STEADY, EASY DOES IT, NI-ICE AND EASY...
SERIOUSLY, CAFFY, DON'T THINK I HAVEN'T NOTICED HOW HARD YOU'VE BEEN WORKING AND TRYING TO LEARN THE ROPES. PERSONNEL IS ABOUT THE MOST STRESSFUL AREA IN OUR ENTIRE OPERATION, AND I THINK YOU'RE DOING A TERRIFIC JOB!
I AM??
RUB
ROLF
ABSOLUTELY! HEY, IN FACT, GOSH, NOW THAT I THINK OF IT, I COULD REALLY USE YOUR HELP!
I NEED TO GO TO THE BAHAMA ISLANDS FOR A FEW DAYS TO STRAIGHTEN OUT SOME PERSONNEL PROBLEMS DOWN THERE... HOW'D YOU LIKE TO COME ALONG?
THE BAHAMAS! WOW!!
...ALL EXPENSES PAID, STRICTLY BUSINESS, AS I SAID. BELIEVE ME, I'D UNDERSTAND IF YOU— OOF!
MR. PISHOCKS! YOU'RE SUCH A DOLL! WHEN DO WE LEAVE?!?
DO THEY ACCEPT VISA DOWN THERE??
AND SO, NATURE TAKES ITS COURSE, AND MONTHS LATER WE SEE A NEW-AND-IMPROVED CAFFY, WHO IS NOW LIVING THE LIFE OF A "KEPT WOMAN," AND IS ENDURING ANOTHER VISIT FROM HER KEEPER IN HER "GILDED CAGE"
WHAT'S WRONG, LORENZO? YOU SEEM DISTRACTED AGAIN...
SIGH...
I DON'T KNOW, I-I—
HMMH! I DON'T GET IT! I'VE PRACTICALLY STARVED MYSELF JUST SO'S I'D LOOK GOOD IN THESE SEXY OUTFITS YOU LIKE, AND NOW IT SEEMS YOU CAN HARDLY EVER GET IT UP!
ARE YOU TIRED OF ME? DON'T YOU THINK I'M BEAUTIFUL ANYMORE?
NO NO YOU LOOK GREAT, CAFFY! IT'S ME-I-I'M UNDER ALOT OF PRESSURE THESE DAYS AND, WELL, THAT'S IT...

BAH! I'M FED UP WITH YOUR LAME EXCUSES!
GO BACK TO YOUR FAT, UGLY WIFE, YOU DWEEB!!
SIGH HOW COULD I EVER POSSIBLY ADMIT TO HER THAT IT WAS HER ENORMOUS ASS THAT USED TO GET ME SO INTENSELY AROUSED?
POK
OW!
OH GOODY! HE FORGOT HIS WALLET! WOW! LOOKIT ALL THESE CREDIT CARDS!
NOW I CAN GO OUT AN' CHARGE THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS' WORTH OF NEW OUTFITS!
SHOPPING IS THE ONLY PLEASURE I HAVE LEFT IN THIS LOUSY FUCKING WORLD!
GHOD! WHY DID HE HAVE TO GET ME AN APARTMENT RIGHT OVER THIS CREEPY PORNO THEATRE! GROSS!!
ECHH!
ADULT MOVIES
X-RATED VIDEOS
NOW SHOWING
CHUBBY LOVE
BIG ASS
GULP! C-CAFFY!! IS THAT YOU!? YOU'RE SO... UH... THIN!
GHASP! ELTON!! WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN THERE?!
EXIT
WE GOT X-RATE
OH CAFFY! I'VE BEEN SO LONELY EVER SINCE WE BROKE UP!
—AND I'VE BEEN SO... STARVING! LET'S DUCK IN THAT DENNY'S OVER THERE AND GET RE-ACQUAINTED, SHALL WE?
BAR
AND FINALLY, SEVEN YEARS LATER, CAFFY FINDS TRUE CONTENTMENT AS A LAZY, INDOLENT "WELFARE QUEEN" WITH THREE KIDS, AN ASS LIKE A BREWERY HORSE, AND A LIVE-IN LOVER WHO APPRECIATES HER FOR "WHO SHE IS ON THE INSIDE"— YEAH, RIGHT!
TREAT YERSELF TO SOME MORE ICE-CREAM, CAFFY, MY LOVE DUMPLING! GO ON, YOU DESERVE IT!
WILL YOU KIDS SHUT THE HELL UP?! I CAN'T HEAR OPRAH!
TODAY ON OUR SHOW—WOMEN WITH BIG BUTTS AND THE MEN WHO ADORE THEM! AFTER THIS...
OH THIS MAGNIFICENT ASS! I'M IN HEAVEN!
HUMP HUMP
I ♡ 'EM BIG
SLURP MUNCH
GRUNT
WAP SMAK
WAAH
END

HEY! IT'S THOSE FANTAGRAPHICS KIDZ™ in "NEAT STUFF FOR SALE!"
THE CRITICS BE DAMNED, ESPECIALLY ME! THESE "HATE" COMICS ARE THE CAT'S PAJAMAS!
AND WE STILL HAVE BACK ISSUES IN PRINT!
HATE #'s 1-15
black & white. $3.00 ea.
Sorry: #2-5, sold out
HATE #'s 16-26
full color. $3.50 ea.
GARY "THE KING" GROTH™
"KIMMIE" THOMPSON™
FUNNY!
ERIC + CHRIS, THE "P.R. TWINS"™
SICK!
NEAT STUFF
issues 1, 5, 6, 9, 12, and 15 only!
$3.50 ea.
MARTINI BATON
with D. Carrino. $3.50
ACTION SUITS 7" SINGLES
ORDER NOW, AND YOU'LL BE "ROCKIN' 'ROUND TH' CLOCK"!
"BEFORE/ FUN FLIES": ACT2
$4.95
"CANCER FATHER": ACT 4
$4.95
YOU CALL THIS "MUSIC"?
"4 TRACK MIND": ACT 1
$4.95
"FUN FLIES/ YOUR SOFT LIGHT": ACT 3
$4.95
"LI'L RHEA PATTON"™
"LI'L RICKY ALTERGOTT"™

LOOK mom! I'm AN "AUTHOR"!
P. "SNOT-NOSE" BAGGE™
HEY BUDDY!
collects HATE 1-5
softcover: $14.00
hard/signed: $37.00
BUDDY THE DREAMER
collects HATE 6-10
soft: $14.00
hard/signed: $37.00
THE BRADLEYS
from NEAT STUFF. $15.95
FUN WITH BUDDY + LISA
collects HATE 11-15
softcover: $14.00
hard/signed: $37.00
STUDS KIRBY
from NEAT STUFF. $13.95
JUNIOR AND OTHER LOSERS
from NEAT STUFF. $14.95
I HATE YOU PEOPLE! GIVE US YOUR MONEY!
"JIMMY-BOY" BLANCHARD
A SPECIAL PLEA FROM THOSE LOVABLE "WAREHOUSE KIDZ"™
WE NEED TO MAKE ROOM FOR MORE EROS™ TITLES...
BUDDY HAT $16.95
HATE HAT $16.95
I LIKE HATE SHIRT L, XL only. $16.95
...SO PLEASE ORDER LOTS OF THIS HATE™ CRAP RIGHT AWAY...
POSTCARDS pack of ten $4.95
ZIPPO LIGHTER $27.00
I SCREAM FOR HEROIN SHIRT L, XL only. $16.95
WHAT'S THE USE SHIRT L, XL: $17.95 XXL: $19.95
REAL LIFE KID HANNAH BAGGE™ SAYS:
ORDER TODAY, 'CUZ I WANT A PONY!
Please send me:
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY/STATE/ZIP
ALL PRICES INCLUDE U.S. POSTAGE. Foreign orders add $.25 per comic ordered, $1.00 per book or clothing item. Checks and money orders only, please, or call 800-657-1100 for a Visa/Mastercard order. Send to Fantagraphics Books, 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, WA 98115.
SUBSCRIPTIONS TO HATE: 6 issues for $17.50.
ALL HUMAN BEINGS PICTURED ABOVE ARE TM. AND © 1997 P BAGGE

REVELATORS "WE TOLD YOU NOT TO CROSS US" LP/CD
BANTAM ROOSTER "DEAL ME IN" LP/CD
DOWN 'N DIRTY R&R!
in a world o' cleancut, limp-dick indie rock
CHEAPO CRYPT SAMPLER #2!
31 SONGS
22 BANDS
LOS ASS-DRAGGERS "ABBEY ROADKILL" LP/CD
BANTAM ROOSTER "MISS LUXURY" 7"
BEGUILED "BLUE DIRGE" LP/CD
CHEATER SLICKS "TROUBLE MAN" 7"
CHROME CRANKS "DEAD COOL" LP/CD
COUNTRY TEASERS "S/T" 10"/CD
"ANYTIME COWBOY" 7"
"SATAN IS REAL AGAIN" LP/CD
DEVIL DOGS "S/T" LP
"BIGGER BEEF BONANZA!" LP
"SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER" LP/CD
"30 SIZZLING SLABS!" CD
DM BOB & THE DEFICITS
"BAD W/WIMEN" LP/CD
"MEXICO AMERICANO" 7"
FIREWORKS "SET THE WORLD ON FIRE" LP/CD
GORIES
"HOUSEROCKIN'" LP
"I KNOW YOU FINE" LP/CD
"OUTTA HERE" LP/CD
HEADCOATS
"EARLS OF SUAVEDOM" LP
"BEACH BUMS MUST DIE" LP/CD
JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION "CRYPT STYLE!" LP/CD
LAZY COWGIRLS "FRUSTRATION, TRAGEDY" 7"
"RAGGED SOUL" LP/CD
LOS PRIMOS "ON MY FLOOR" 7"
LYRES "EARLY YEARS" CD
MIGHTY CAESARS "ENGLISH PUNK-ROCK" LP
"JOHN LENNONS CORPSE" LP
"SURELY THEY WERE THE SONS..." LP/CD
NEW BOMB TURKS "DESTROY-OH-BOY!" LP/CD
"INFORMATION HI-WAY" LP/CD
"PISSING OUT THE POISON" DOUBLE-LP/CD
NINE POUND HAMMER "THE MUD, THE BLOOD" LP
"SMOKIN' TATERS!" LP/CD "HAYSEED TIMEBOMB" LP/CD
OBLIVIANS "SOUL FOOD" LP/CD "POPULAR FAVORITES" LP/CD
PAGANS "EVERYBODY HATES YOU" CD
RAUNCH HANDS "PAYDAY" LP "HAVE A SWIG" LP
"FUCK ME STUPID" LP/CD
REVELATORS "SERVE THE MAN" 7"
TEENGENERATE "GET ACTION!" LP/CD
LP's: $ 7 • Double-LP $ 12 • CD's $ 10 • 7" $ 3 • 1 to 8 items via UPS: $ 4
CRYPT RECORDS
1409 W Magnolia, Burbank, CA 91506
e-mail: CryptRec@concentric.net

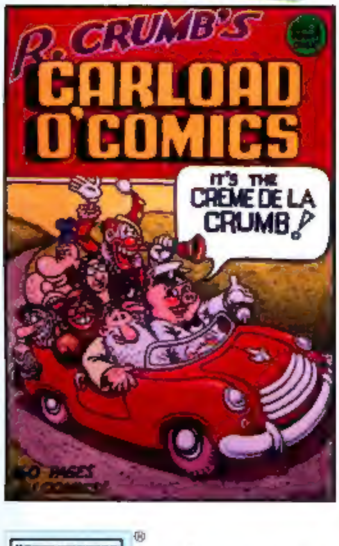
CRUMBY STUFF!

Pictures & Words to entertain your brain

COMIC SHOP LOCATOR SERVICE 888-COMIC-BOOK 888-266-4226

FREE Catalog featuring hundreds of comics, books and merchandise from R. Crumb, Charles Burns, Will Eisner and other world class cartoonists (see below).

AVAILABLE IN FINER BOOK AND COMIC SHOPS



To place an order with VISA, Mastercard, check or money order:
Send this coupon to Kitchen Sink Press, Inc., Dept. CRNH, 320 Riverside Drive, Northampton MA 01060.
To place an order with VISA or Mastercard: Call 1-800-672-7862, Fax 1-413-582-7116, E-mail kitchensp@aol.com

Name: ____________________

Street Address: ____________________

City: __________ State: ______ Zip: ______

Credit Card #: ____________________

Exp. Date: ______ Phone: ____________________

Signature of cardholder: ____________________

I certify I am 18 years old if I've ordered ADULT MATERIAL of any kind:

Signature (required): ____________________

Order total	Shipping charge (US only)
$0-11.99	$4.50
$12-$29.99	$6.50
$30-$49.99	$7.50
$50-$74.99	$8.50
$75-$94.99	$9.50
OVER $95	include 10% of order
Alaska, Hawaii and Canada:	
Orders under $50	$10.00
Orders over $50	include 20% of your order
Other International:	
Orders under $50	$15.00
Orders over $50	include 30% of your order

ALL payments must be in U.S. funds. Checks must be drawn on a US bank account.

- __ CARLOAD O'COMICS (softcover)(Adult Material) Order code: RCCAR.... **$18.95**
- __ ART & BEAUTY (Adult Material) Order code: ARTSC **$4.95**
- __ WAITING FOR FOOD (hardcover) Order code: FOODHC **$29.95**
- __ KAFKA (hardcover) Order code: KAFHC **$19.95**
- __ INTRODUCING KAFKA (softcover) Order code: KAF1 .... **$11.95**
- __ HEROES OF THE BLUES Card Set Order code: BLUETC **$10.95**
- __ BEARZIE WEARZIES Metal Poster Order code: BEARTIN **$15.00**
- __ FREE Catalog.......... **FREE**

Merchandise Total: ______
MA residents add 5% sales tax: ______
Shipping: ______
Total US Funds Enclosed: ______

KITCHEN SINK PRESS®

Artwork © 1997 R. Crumb. Kitchen Sink Press and the Kitchen Sink Press logo are registered trademarks of Kitchen Sink Press, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

JOIN US!!

Here are six awfully good reasons for you to join our SUB POP ARMY! We can give you everything you need under one very broad and accommodating corporate canopy — we welcome all and turn away none!

Pigeonhed t-shirt by Mr. Bagge
Okay, you bought the darn comic, now wear the t-shirt THAT STARTED IT ALL. Just kidding. This is a design Mr Bagge did for Pigeonhed a few years ago, and we liked it so much we're reprinting it.

Damien Jurado
Damien is a modern-day urban folk singer from Seattle. As with so many modern-day urban folk singers, he comes from the hardcore/punk scene, which informs his music but doesn't limit his means of expression.

Pigeonhed
All the party people can thank the lord that Steve Fisk & Shawn Smith weren't too busy with their day jobs to put out this record. It's funky, it's trippy, it's ambient and it's dripping with soul. And sexy, my word, is it sexy!

Cheap Trick
Yes, that Cheap Trick. These legendary rock idols got together with Steve Albini and recorded two poptacular tracks for us to have a fit over. Limited edition, one-time only, black vinyl.

Supersuckers
Well, slap me up-side the head with a 2x4, look what the boys have done now — recorded the best country album we've heard in years. And, yes, it is a little rock n roll, too.

Plexi
Embraced by the hardest rock enthusiasts and real faves at the Viper Room, Plexi is LA's freshest Noxema girl. And, yes, Plexi is sexy too.

SUB POP

THOUGH IT BREAKS OUR HEARTS WE ASK THAT YOU CLIP OUT THIS FORM AND RETURN IT TODAY!!

They call me ______________________

Mess address ______________________

____

Do you have (name out of print item)? ________

Sub Pop should.... ______________________

My favorite band is ______________________

I like Sub Pop because ______________________

RETURN TO:

SUB POP RECORDS
attn: **Mail Order**
1932 FIRST AVE
STE 1103
SEATTLE, WA
98101

PLEASE fill out all areas...IMPORTANT!

RETURN THIS CARD TODAY -- DO NOT DELAY

http: www.subpop.com punky@subpop.com mail order 1 800 SUBPOP1

Photocopied facsimile also acceptible

W
A
S
DCP